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WHO SHALL BE PRESIDENT?—Nothing stays settled. People have had a long fight and fancied they had decided a vexed question, and lo here it is again. The president, however, concerning whom the debate is now proceeding, is not of America, but of that which fancies itself bigger than America,—Harvard College. Mr. Hill has left this flowery seat of thorns with only a brief occupancy, after the late fashion of this office, and all the birds are hovering in the air while the child's game is being played. Who takes the chair? As this college gets special mention in the State Constitution, it may not be deemed intrusive if it receive the consideration of the State press. Motley, Higginson and Peabody are those chiefly mentioned for its head. Of these the last is the best and, is least likely to get it, because he is the best. He has no affinity with the movements of his church to-day, and would have followed Rufus Ellis in his vote in the convention, had he been present. Dr. Hill had too little sympathy with the leaders to succeed in his office. Dr. Peabody has even less. We shall be glad to hear that he is selected; as the best we can hope for from the present management. Mr. Motley is a brilliant scholar and writer, but as a president, would be nominal and not actual, would represent culture rather than morals and religion, and would be likely to be as little of a success as Edward Everett. He is too much of a public man for such a post. He would prefer the Senate to the College, the curate to the ferule chair. Mr. Higginson is the pet of the radicals. He has merits, is a bright writer, a bright fellow, full of a boy's enthusiasm, and would undoubtedly be popular with the students. It would be consistent, too, with the course of events, for Col. Higginson was a favorite pupil of Mr. Parker's, and has got so far beyond Mr. Frothingham that he not only does not "go in" for every sort of religion, but is inclined to ignore all sorts or even the capacity for religion; as he himself describes it in a story told before the Free Religionists. Two orthodox friends called on him and asked him what was his religion? Said he, "I answered with this little incident: Two little nephews of mine being at Brookline, were met after dark by a fellow who demanded their money. Said one of them, 'I have no money.' This might have been a sufficient answer. But the other made assurance doubly sure by adding, 'And I haven't any pocket to put money in.' Such a religionist would give Harvard to the Radicals and make jubilee, not in heaven. Its motto, 'Christo et Ecclesie,' 'To Christ and the Church,' would be as good a joke to these religionists as the sacred vessels of Jerusalem were to Belshazzar and his revelers.

The man who deserves the place, viewed in the line of his career, and as a representative of his denomination, and who would probably make the most efficient president, is James Freeman Clarke. Mr. Hale would also be a success as a governor, and is the most genial and the most of a genius of all. Either of these would do better than a layman, though as Mr. Higginson combines both gifts, and all errors, he may win the prize. It will be noticed by our Unitarian friends, we

trust to our credit, that we have omitted the mention of any evangelical name. There are among their graduates eminent gentlemen of the orthodox sects. And were the college as it professes truly non-sectarian, one of them would stand a good chance of election. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Richard H. Dana, jr., Episcopalian, President Stevens, of Amherst, and Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, Congregationalist, would be of the best stock for the office. Why not transfer the Amherst President to Harvard? He has experience, ability and success. But all these are "tabooed" by their fellow graduates because they are evangelical.

THE NEGRO THE CALIFORNIA OF TO-DAY.—All sects and parties are rushing after the negro, as all peoples and tongues a few years dove into this treasure-house. The Methodist Church, South has awakened to his value. She is organizing Conferences in all the Southern States. Last week Bishop McTear describes in *The Northern Advocate* the organization of the Kentucky Colored Conference. It is composed of twenty-five members, twenty-two of whom can read, and eighteen read and write; about as good a proportion as was probably the original Kentucky Conference, not "colored." They will have a General Conference within a year or two, and a bishop also.

The question now arises, how can the Methodist Episcopal Church keep its position at the head in this race for an ecclesiastical fortune. Only by being more faithful to principle than the Southern Church. If we also organize a colored Kentucky Conference, what do we more than others? What call have we in that character in that State? Why divide these colored brethren from each other, when we will not unite them to ourselves? But if we cling to our present Conference, if we refuse that temptation of the devil offered us by the wrongful permit of the General Conference,—the organization of a Conference of colored members in Kentucky,—if our brethren there make no distinction of color in their Conference sittings and actings, we break down this whole Southern movement at the start. We are ahead, and they can only keep up by keeping step. One of these brethren's objections is answered by facts, the only way to answer objections. He said: "If a North or South man tells him the time is coming of social equality, when white and black will be seated in the same church—speckled and dotted and sprinkled about—he just didn't believe a word of it." Just convince our brother Thomas by the spectacle at the next session of the Kentucky Conference of white and black seated in the same church, "speckled and dotted about"—a good hit at its present fashion of having them separate from their white brethren, ring-streaked and not speckled,—and all this argument goes to the ground.

Then, too, we should invite Bishop Roberts to visit America and make the tour of the South. He is as perfectly and constitutionally a bishop as Bishop Morris. The limitation of his jurisdiction is most clearly contrary to the Discipline, while his vows of ordination and Episcopal conduct show that he has the full proofs of this apostleship. Let us surpass all rivals, and absorb them by superior faithfulness to the Lord our Righteousness.

THE most important news ever flashed over the Atlantic cord was the announcement on the twelfth inst. that

At a meeting of French Bishops and Cardinals at Rome, several reformatory measures were introduced, which, to the surprise of the Conservatives, were favorably received by a majority. One of these was to revise the Council of Trent decision concerning the celibacy of the Catholic clergy, and declaring that they could marry, and the other was to abolish the Latin liturgy and substitute for it the language of the nation in which the service is performed. These measures will be reported to the Ecumenical Council soon to be held.

The enforced celibacy of the clergy is the vital point of all papal error, doctrinal and practical. It breeds corruption in all countries where the sway of this church is complete, and no Protestant restraints prevent the indulgence of passion. It separates the priest from family relation, and crushes the best life in the best souls; for the clergy in Catholic countries and in all countries are the

Brahmin caste, the best of society, and this class are compelled to violate their holiest human instincts. It does equal injustice to the best female souls; for the religiously inclined woman is doomed to like celibacy. In other lands she usually marries the minister. In Papal countries she becomes a nun. To break up this system will put the solitary in families, make the priest patriotic as he becomes paternal, bring him to reverence Christ more than the Pope, and gradually wean the church from all the errors of the ages. The abolishing of the Latin language is less important, though of no small importance. It puts their whole church system on a level with the whole people. We hail any such acknowledgment of the triumph of Protestantism. Luther the priest marrying Katharina the nun, and Luther the preacher putting the Bible and all the service into his native tongue, and even compelling the Emperor to allow the Augsburg Confession to be thus read in the audience of the people, while his opponents demanded that it should be proclaimed in the Latin, this ban of Papacy is becoming the real Pope of Rome. Father Hecker will have to alter his lecture on Luther. The next step the Council ought to take will be to canonize this new and greater St. Martin of Worms.

In the Boston Preachers' Meeting recently the subject being under discussion, "How can our camp meetings be made more profitable?" there was a strong and general expression of disapproval of those sentimental and often senseless ditties that in our Conference meetings have taken the place of the good old "theological" hymns of Charles Wesley. One brother said that his people had sung "Will you meet me at the river," "Climbing up Zion's hill," and the like, till they appeared to be utterly ignorant of the hymns in the Methodist collection, and when he struck up one of them he had to sing it alone. We have long been satisfied that the church has suffered immensely by the substitution of the jejune stuff, both music and poetry, of the numerous musical treatises for social worship, which, like the frogs of Egypt, have come up all over the land, for the rich spiritual hymns of Charles Wesley, full of gospel truth and gospel power, which our fathers used to sing in the deep and noble melodies of a former generation into the hearts and consciences of awakened sinners till their chains fell off, and they leaped into the liberty of the kingdom of God. Let us use the Methodist hymn book. It is a thesaurus of spiritual knowledge and power.

THE two most memorable events in this campaign, next to the election of Generals Grant and Butler, if next, were the abolition of the word "white" from the Constitutions of Iowa and Minnesota in respect to suffrage and the choosing of a colored elector by the Florida Legislature, who, with his two white associates, cast the ballot of the Electoral College on that day for Grant and Colfax. These are the only three men directly and officially voted that day or have voted yet for the next President and Vice President. Of these three, one is a negro. Florida leads the column. Massachusetts ought to have put Rev. Mr. Grimes, Robert Morris, or J. J. Smith on her Electoral ticket. She will be four years behind Florida, and probably South Carolina in this act. The South, as of old, leads the column.

It is an amusing coincidence that the *Liberal Christian* in the same number quotes the article from *THE HERALD* that so assailed the *Watchman*, and also quotes the *Watchman's* rather personal remarks upon the article, seemingly approving of both. This breath of comprehensiveness comes probably from its late success in making a creed which puts even more violent contraries on the same platform.

DR. HOLLAND, in a letter to *The Springfield Republican* from Lausanne, Switzerland, says that nothing can be more false than the statement so frequently made in America that temperance is the rule in wine countries. His experience is directly to the contrary.

THROUGH CHRIST.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

BY REV. A. F. BAILEY.

The problem's deep, but faith's clear vision sees
The victor's strength to stem the fearful tides;
When weakness bends her knees in secrecy,
Then Jesus forth omnipotently rides.
The mightiest forces then in weakness flee,
Since "I can all things do through Christ who strengthens me."

To man, with vision darkened by his sin,
Unknowing Him from whom his breath's derived,
By self deluded, in loud passion's din,
The mystery's dark why thus the Christians thrived.
But this the trustful perfectly can see,
That "I can all things do through Christ who strengthens me."

Not by our might, nor by our swelling power;
Not by our wisdom in the day of strife;
Not by our numbers in the warring hour,
Nor by the fullness of mere fleshly life;
But this to us is all the victory,
That "I can all things do through Christ who strengthens me."

And onward still shall that grand victory roll
From pole to pole, through every clime and land;
For heaven shall yet most gloriously unscroll
The perfect fullness of the Son of Man.
Then shall the earth herself believing see
That "I can all things do through Christ who strengthens me."

Then all things spoken by prophetic seers,
In varying splendor shall arise to sight;
And holy virtue mark the smiling years,
All things rejoicing in redeeming light.
Nor doubt shall then in any visage see,
For all things then are done "through Christ who strengthens me."

OPIUM-EATING.

BY REV. D. A. WHEDON.

The estimate of the author of "The Opium Habit," recently published by the *Harper's*, based upon the testimony of druggists and other reliable information, is that there are from eighty to a hundred thousand confirmed opium-eaters in the United States. Taking the smaller of these numbers, we find that they constitute only about one in four hundred and fifty of our population—not a very alarming proportion, surely, in itself considered; but if we may suppose that for every confirmed case there are three who occasionally tamper with the drug, but in whom the habit is not yet fixed, the ratio changes to about one in one hundred. Here is an army of opium consumers, around whom have gathered or are gathering the folds of an embrace from which there is hardly a possibility of escape. This, together with the rapid increase of their number in late years, constitutes the alarming feature of the case.

We have long been familiar with the woes wrought by alcoholic drinks; and many of our reformers have of late turned their attention to the use of tobacco as an evil to whose removal they must devote their energies. But opium is more deadly than both of them together, and its abandonment far more difficult. Says Dr. Barnes, an Ohio physician, "Calling to mind what has come to my knowledge during a long and extensive medical practice, the conclusion is, that I have known of more deaths from the use of opium in some of its forms, than from all the forms of alcoholic drinks." "God seems to help a man," said one who had spent eight years in an attempt at reform, "in getting out of every difficulty but opium. There you have to claw your way out over red-hot coals on your hand and knees, and drag yourself by main strength through the burning dungeon bars." Another, who had so long continued its use that the only door of escape was by death, and to whom reform was suicide, when dying, said to his physician, "It is almost like Dives asking for a messenger to his brethren; but tell them, tell all young men what it is, that they come not into this torment." The physical possibility of overcoming the habit depends on the length of time in which it has been indulged, and whether there is enough constitutional vigor left to endure the terrible suffering which inevitably follows the opium-eater's struggle for emancipation; and even then, its moral possibility depends on the will, which opium always entralls, and sometimes destroys.

The great majority of those who acquire the opium habit are probably indebted to its use under medical prescription for its commencement. A comparatively short period only is requisite to so firmly fasten its talons upon the nervous system as to create a seeming impossibility to dispense with it. If it be resorted to at first for the pleasurable sensations or the mental elevation which it produces, the fatal hour of absolute enslavement may be a little later in coming, but is none the less sure, for the increasing desire for the excite-

ment soon attains the ascendancy over the rapidly diminishing power of the will to resist its craving.

As with alcohol, so with opium—a few persons are so constituted that its nauseating and other unpleasant effects stand between them and any special danger of the habit; while they whose agitated nerves it calms, whose excitement it soothes, whose pain it dulls, whose sleeplessness it drives away, whose intellect it exalts, and in whose souls it produces a dreamy delight, will be likely to suffer harm from the least dalliance with the drug. He accordingly finds that the class of opium-eaters is chiefly composed of those upon whose nervous systems a severe draft has been made by close study, protracted physical and mental suffering, overtaken strength or kindred causes, lawyers, legislators, scholars, divines, merchants, maimed men, bereaved women, operatives, prostitutes,—from the highest to the lowest in society, and out of almost all callings in life, its victims are gathered.

Nor is there any telling beforehand the particular effects of opium in any given constitution. It works differently upon the Anglo-Saxon from what it does upon the Oriental. The latter it frequently distorts and habitually intoxicates, while to the former it does neither. Enticed by the glowing descriptions of De Quincey, the student may seek in it the same gorgeous conceptions, undeterred by De Quincey's agony, and seek in vain, just as many a generous youth has sought the eloquence of Webster in Webster's wine-cup, forgetful of his ruin, and failed to find it. Its physical effects are not generally perceived to be injurious until the habit has become fixed, while the delight afforded in relief from suffering, or the substitution of a sense of luxurious enjoyment instead of pain and restlessness, only aids the fascination. Its effects upon the mind are thus detailed by a clergyman who spoke from his own experience:—"Opium takes a man's mind where it finds it, and lifts it en masse to a far higher platform of existence, the faculties all retaining their former relative positions—that is, taking the mind as it is, it intensifies and exalts all its capacities of thought and susceptibilities of emotion. Not even this, however, extravagant as it may sound, conveys the whole truth. Opium weakens or utterly paralyzes the lower propensities, while it invigorates and elevates the superior faculties, both intellectual and affectional. If a man has a poetical gift, opium almost irresistibly stirs it into utterance. If his vocation be to write, it matters not how profound, how difficult, how knotty the theme to be handled, opium imparts a before unknown power of dealing with such a theme." Others tell the same story; but they also tell how by its continued use the judgment is impaired and even totally abolished, the memory ruined, while the other intellectual faculties retain their strength, and the will paralyzed, or reduced to its old condition in infancy.

But the time comes to the opium-eater, when he awakes from his dream, and finds that upon every part and fibre of his physical system he has been for years imposing a task from which he must release it or die. If, under the stimulus of a dread of death, he rouses his will to resolve upon an abandonment of the practice, there soon comes the loud cry of his whole animal nature for an additional feast upon the poison whose corrosion is active at the very centre of his life, that will not be pacified by any reasoning, any conviction of right, or any substitute known to science. The poor sufferer will often sacrifice truth, honor and manhood, or the only drug that can appease the craving. One can perhaps imagine the degradation which Coleridge felt when walking one day on Bristol wharf, he contrived to rid himself of an attendant by sending him to earn the name of a vessel, that he might slip unnoticed into a druggist and buy a quart of laudanum; only the opium-eater who has become aware of the strength of his chain can sympathize with him. He may exhort he sufferer to summon the whole strength of his will, and bravely cast his destroyer behind him, but he might as well command the fire not to burn. The perfect agony of pain, more intense than the sufferings of the martyr, is upon him, and he can know no respite except from opium, until its fires have consumed the carbon hidden away in his tissues, which may require weeks and months. How much of such agony, severer than any other known, can an enfeebled will resist? How much can the physical frame out-

live? Probably no evil more threatening to American society exists than opium-eating. The peculiar proclivity of our people to the use of stimulants prepares the way, and the fascination attending its use adds to its tempting power. Overworked brains and muscles, sodies maimed and mangled in battle, or abused in the hospital or prison, souls bereaved and crushed, that know no Christ to whom to flee for succor, the exhausting speed with which the millions live—these furnish

the occasion. It can be used in a quiet way; it never intoxicates like liquor, or degrades to a brute; it never offends like tobacco. It soothes and exalts. It adorns the victim to whom it is to become a master as inexorable as the grave. Here lies the danger. We have sought to make it plain.

We have also indicated the certain result. The opium-eater we turn over to his physician, with the simple remark that he may be cured. Our business is with the occasional consumer, whom we admonish to a speedy total abstinence, and with him who is free, whom we exhort by his hopes for the life which now is and that which is to come, to refrain utterly and forever from its use. In the present state of medical science, it must, with other active poisons, continue to be administered by physicians, but let them remember that in their prescriptions most of the opium-eating of the country has had its origin.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MYRRH.

Song of Solomon, iv. 6.

Up to the fair myrrh mountain,
The fresh frankincense hill,
I'll get me in this midnight,
And drink of love my fill.
O hills of fragrance, smelling
With every flower of love,
O slopes of sweetness, breathing
Your odors from above!
Ye send me silent welcome,
I wait you mine again;
Give me the wings of morning,
Burst this still binding chain;
For soon shall break the day,
And shadows flee away.

There my beloved dwelleth,
He calls me up to Him,
He bids me quit these valleys,
These moorlands brown and dim.
There my long-parted wait me—
The missed and mourned below;
Now, eager to rejoin them,
I fain would rise and go.
Not long we here shall linger,—
Not long we here shall sigh,—
The hour of dawn and dawning
Is hawking from on high;
For soon shall break the day,
And shadows flee away.

O streaks of happy day-spring,
Salute us from above:
O never-setting sunlight,
Earth longeth for thy love.
O hymns of unknown gladness,
That hail us from the skies,
Swell till you gently silence
Earth's meaner melodies.
O hope all hope surpassing,
For evermore to be,
O Christ, the Church's Bridegroom,
In Paradise with thee;
For soon shall break the day,
And shadows flee away.

—Quarterly Journal of Prophecy.

SHORT SERMON.

BY J. T. ORWIN, M.D.

"I'd be little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone."

—Wesley, tinkered.

I. YOU WOULDN'T.—You are not so humble as you pretend—and in your soul you know it. One of the things that troubles you most is that fact that you can't be as big as "the biggest toad in the puddle," if not the "biggest toad" himself. When you hear the "gifted" Brother Aquila or the "fluent" Sister Priscilla exhort or pray, you are saying away down in your heart, "O, if I could only talk or pray like that!" And because you can't do as well as they do, in nine cases out of ten you sit still and do nothing. You don't envy them? Perhaps not. Thank God for it. You are terribly tempted to do so at any rate.

"I'd be little and unknown."

You know better. All your life you've been longing and trying to be greater and better known, and if you've left any means untried laziness and not humility was at the bottom of your neglect.

Sometimes you've tried to cheat yourself into the belief that you really meant what you said when you quoted with so much unction in the class meeting the words of our text. You imagined Bro. Smith saying to Bro. Brown as they walked away, "how humble Bro. Jones is!" How it tickled your fancy. How your heart swelled with pride at the thought, and very likely a sharp little monitor inside punctured your inflated humility! But Smith didn't say it. He judged you charitably by himself. He had felt just so. You may have the jewel true humility—but you don't desire to be little and unknown.

II. YOU COULDN'T. You can be little. Perhaps you are so. I am afraid you are. If not, all you have to do to become so is to be mentally and spiritually idle. I am afraid you have always been so. You can be unknown. Sloth will change you into a human jelly-fish, and nobody will care to know anything about you. You won't be worth knowing. You can live and die unnoticed by anybody but God—and he notices even jelly-fish. God has a care for jelly-fish, too, but I don't think he prizes them much in any true sense of the

word prize. He "accepts," "prizes" in every nation him that feareth God and worketh righteousness. He who worketh will be great—see Matt. xx. 26, 27,—and his deeds will make him known. God loves and prizes most those whom men love and prize most. So then you see if you're little and unknown—if you don't make the most of yourself for God and man you will not be loved and prized by anybody.

III. YOU SHOULDN'T. If you were Robinson Crusoe you might innocently be little and unknown. But you are not. His little Juan Fernandez was bounded by the great ocean that sent him out from all fellowship with his kind. Your island is in the midst of the great ocean of humanity toiling, suffering, dying, doubting, groping blind humanity. Its boundaries are but the measure of your power to bring rest, comfort, faith, light, and so life. Your own needs and your brother's needs cry to you to be great in overcoming evil and in doing good; to make yourself known by loving words and loving deeds—by earnest, whole-souled work for God and man. If you are little and unknown, it will be because you are too cowardly to stand up for the truth, or too selfish to sacrifice for it, or too lazy to work for it, or too insensible to care for it. Go to work, not for the sake of being known, but for the sake of good. Dig up your buried talent and begin to trade upon it, or you'll find yourself little and unknown in results at the reckoning day.

HOW THE BASTILLE WAS TAKEN.

The Bastille was impregnable. The walls were ten feet thick at the top—more than forty at the base of the towers. The people had no cannon. Its batteries could sweep the neighborhood, commanding every approach. Its towers were pierced with loop holes, guarded by triple gratings. In security the garrison could massacre the assailants. Moreover there were a hundred and forty barrels of gunpowder in the magazine; more than enough to blow up all Paris. De Launey had sworn to apply the match with his own hand, rather than surrender. He knew the populace was eager to tear him in pieces. Yes, the Bastille was impregnable. It lay like a nightmare upon France! It was crushing the life out of the Revolution.

For thirty hours the populace surged against that Gibraltar, and were dashed back in foam of blood and torn flesh. Without, the carnage was horrible; within, two soldiers were wounded. It was plain the Bastille was impregnable.

A very great mistake! It was very weak, because it was so execrably wicked. One man was able to take it—to destroy it. This man could not be intimidated. He came as envoy from the people; he was warned back, but he would not obey! The garrison fired at him, but he pressed on; he would be heard: "I summon you in the name of the people, in the name of honor, and of our native land, to withdraw your cannon and surrender the Bastille."

The Governor was furious, but the garrison heard. Some of them were Frenchmen. They remembered how they had cursed the Bastille before they had entered to be its defenders. The Governor saw their faces; he thought it prudent to promise not to fire first upon the people. That was not enough. The envoy must see the cannon withdrawn. He pressed to the stairway, began to ascend. The Governor ordered him to desist, drew his sword, looked again at the French guards, and followed, sheathing his sword. He called to the Swiss guards, who could not understand French, to accompany him. From the summit of the tower the citizens are seen advancing in dense, black masses below. "You have betrayed me," cried De Launey, looking toward the guards. "Sir," replied Thuriot, "the turret is high. We are standing on the brink; a word more, and one of us plunges over." Before the Governor had recovered from his terror, Thuriot had escaped. More than half the garrison had been made to remember that they were Frenchmen. Then they gave the Bastille to France. They would not fire upon their brethren. When that dungeon fell, a hundred like it fell in France. Everywhere the people took heart, assailed them—conquered them.—*The Advance*.

THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

In the three momentous matters of light, locomotion and communication, the progress effected in this generation contrasts most surprisingly with the aggregate of the progress effected in all previous generations put together since the earliest dawn of authentic history. The lamps and torches which illuminated Belshazzar's feast were probably just as brilliant, and framed out of nearly the same materials, as those which shone upon the splendid fêtes of Versailles when Marie Antoinette presided over them, or those of the Tuilleries during the Imperial magnificence of the First Napoleon. Pine wood, oil, and perhaps wax, lighted the banquet-halls of the wealthiest nobles alike in the eighteenth century before Christ, and in the eighteenth century after Christ.

Fifty years ago, that is, we burnt the same articles, and got about the same amount of light from them, as we did five thousand years ago. Now we use gas, of which each burner is equal to fifteen or twenty candles; and when we wish for more, can have recourse to the electric light or analogous inventions, which are fifty fold more brilliant and far-reaching than even the best gas. The streets of cities, which from the days of Pharaoh to those of Voltaire were dim and gloomy even, were they not wholly unlighted, now blaze every-

where (except in London) with something of the brilliancy of moonlight. In a word, all the advance that has been made in these respects have been made since many of us were children. We remember light as it was in the days of Solomon; we see it as Drummond and Faraday have made it.

The same thing may be said of locomotion. Nimrod and Noah traveled just in the same way, and just at the same rate, as Thomas Assheton Smith and Mr. Coke, of Norfolk. The chariots of the Olympic Games went just as fast as the chariots that conveyed our nobles to the Derby, "in our hot youth, when George the Third was King." When Abraham wanted to send a message to Lot, he despatched a man on horseback, who galloped twelve miles an hour. When our fathers wanted to send a message to their nephews, they could do no better, and go no quicker. When we were young, if we wished to travel from London to Edinburgh, we thought ourselves lucky if we could average eight miles an hour, just as Robert Bruce might have done. Now, in our old age, we feel ourselves aggrieved if we do not average forty miles. Everything that has been done in this line since the world began—everything, perhaps, that the capacities of matter and the conditions of the human frame will ever allow to be done—has been done since we were boys. The same at sea. Probably, when the wind was favorable, Ulysses, who was a bold and skillful navigator, sailed as fast as a Dutch merchantman of the year 1800, nearly as fast at times as an American yacht or clipper of our fathers' day. Now we steam twelve and fifteen miles an hour with wonderful regularity, whether wind and tide be favorable or not; nor is it likely that we shall ever be able to go much faster. But the progress in the means of communication is the most remarkable of all. In this respect Mr. Pitt was no better off than Pericles or Agamemnon. If Ruth had wished to write to Naomi, or David to send a word of love to Jonathan when he was a hundred miles away, they could not possibly have done it under twelve hours. Nor could we to our own friends thirty years ago. In 1867 the humblest citizen of Great Britain could send a message, not a hundred miles, but a thousand, in twelve minutes.—*London Spectator*.

AN EXPERIENCE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.

As I was walking in my father's pasture and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God that I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in sweet conjunction, majesty and meekness joined together. It was sweet and gentle and holy majesty and also a majestic sweetness, an awful sweetness, a high and great and holy gentleness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm sweet east or appearance of divine glory on almost everything. God's excellency, His wisdom, His purity and love seemed to appear in everything, in the sun and moon and stars, in the clouds and blue sky, in the grass, flowers and trees, in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance, and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky to behold the sweet glory of God in these things, in the meantime singing forth with a low voice my contemplation of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything among all the works of nature was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly nothing was so terrible to me. I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunderstorm, and used to take the opportunity at such times to fix myself in order to view the clouds and see the lightnings play and hear the majestic voice of God's thunder which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural to me to sing or chant forth my meditations, or to speak my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice.

AN EVIL HABIT.

You are a young man away from home. We have said, Choose good companions; we must add, Beware of bad habits.

It was the third hour of the day, and Abdallah still lingered over the morning repast, when there came a little fly and alighted on the rim of his goblet. It sipped a particle of syrup and was gone. It came next morning, and the next, and the next again, till it caught the eye of the scholar. As he considered it, and as it gave forth its many colors and moved itself aright, it seemed beautiful exceedingly, and in his heart he could not find to drive it away. Wherefore it came day by day continually, and waxing bolder and bolder it withal became greater and greater, till in the size of a locust could be perceived as the likeness of a man; and the greater that it grew the more winning were its ways, frisking like a sunbeam, singing like a peri, so that the eyes of the simple one were blinded, and in all this he did not perceive the subtlety of an evil jinn. Wherefore, waxing bolder and yet bolder, whatsoever of dainty meats its soul desired, the lying spirit freely took, and when, waxing wroth, the son of the prophet said, "This is my daily portion from the table of the mufti; there is not enough for thee and me;" playing one of its pleasant tricks, the brazen-faced deceiver caused the simple one to smile; until in process of time the scholar perceived that as his guest waxed stronger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

Now also there arose frequent contention between the demon and his dupe, and the youth smote the demon so sore that it departed for a season. Thereupon Abdallah rejoiced exceedingly, and said, "I have triumphed over mine enemy, and when it seemeth good in my sight I shall smite him that he die." But after

not many days, lo and behold! the jinn came again, arrayed in goodly garments, and bringing a present in its hand, and with its fair speech saying, "Is it not a little one?" it enticed this silly dove so that he again received it into his chamber.

On the morrow, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youth, the mufti said, "Wherefore tarriest the son of the faithful? perchance he sleepeth." Therefore they resorted even to his chamber, and knocked, and lifted up their voice; but as he made no answer the mufti opened the door, and behold! on the divan lay the dead body of his disciple. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff belonging to the hapless one was gone, the gold and the jewels, and the parchment-rolls, and the changes of raiment; and in the soft earth of the garden were discerned the footsteps of a giant. The mufti measured one of the prints, and lo! it was six cubits long.

What means the apologue? who can expound the riddle? Is it the bottle or the betting-book? is it the billiard-table? is it the theatre, or the tea-garden, or the music-saloon? is it laziness? is it debt? is it the wasted Sunday? But know that an evil habit is an elf constantly expanding. It may come in at the key-hole, but it will soon grow too big for the house. At first it may seem too trivial for serious attack, but it will presently prove the death of the owner.

From Dr. Hamilton's "Pearl of Parables," just published by Carter & Brothers.

"BE STILL."

"Our worthy forefathers," said Gotthold, "have left us a tale in verse, of which the purpose is to show how difficult, and yet how necessary, it is sometimes to keep silence. The substance of the story is as follows:

"Hans Priem was admitted into Paradise on the express condition that he was not to indulge a habit he had acquired of censuring and criticising whatever came under his notice. Accordingly, he saw two angels carrying a beam crossways and knocking against every object they met, but said nothing. He next saw two other angels drawing water from a fountain and pouring it into a cask which had holes in the bottom, and was much surprised, but still held his peace. At many other things of the same kind he also suppressed his laughter and his remarks, apprehending that he might otherwise be expelled from the place. At last, however, he saw a cart stuck fast in the mire, with one pair of horses yoked into it before and another pair behind, and the carter urging both simultaneously forward. This being a matter which belonged to his own profession, it was more than Hans could do to refrain from criticising it, and the consequence was that he was seized by two angels and turned to the door. Before it closed behind him, however, he looked back and perceived that the horses were winged, and had succeeded in drawing the cart out of the mud into the air; nor can there be any doubt that in the other cases of the beam and the cask there were equally good reasons for what was done.

"Wherefore, let us learn to hold our peace and refrain from censuring the ways of God. But where am I running? For praising silence, I have become loquacious. My God! do Thou Thyself instruct me when to speak and when to hold my tongue."—*Gotthold's Emblems*.

THE USE OF TEXTS.

There is often great force, and sometimes a covert meaning, conveyed in the choice of a text. An anecdote illustrative of this is recorded of Dr. Paley, the well-known author of *Natural Theology*, *Evidences of Christianity*, and other popular works. When Pitt, as first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, at the age of twenty-three, revisited Cambridge, where he had graduated, Paley marked with a sarcastic eye how assiduously some of the leading members of the university courted the youthful prime minister, and made up to him in view of the good things which he would now have at his disposal. It was Paley's turn to preach before the university at St. Mary's on the Sunday during Pitt's visit; accordingly, he took for his text, "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes," adding, as he looked round on the crowded church, "But what are they among so many?" A most unfortunate result followed the selection of a text in the chapel royal at Dublin. Dr. Sheridan, the father of the better-known Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was asked by a country clergyman to take the duty for him on the next Sunday. Sheridan was in high favor at Dublin Castle, but he unconsciously forfeited all by his text on that occasion. He took an old sermon, of which the text was, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Unfortunately it happened (which Sheridan had forgotten) to be the anniversary of the accession of the house of Hanover. The supposed insult to the Irish court was never forgiven, and, it is said, lost the doctor his bishopric. The Irish Government could not have bestowed one of its mitres on a head capable of such an application of the text.—*"Pulpit Table Talk," by Dean Ramsay*.

A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* tells this anecdote of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The other day died a prominent citizen, who left a legacy to erect a monument to the discoverer of anæsthetic agents. This revived the old battle: Was it Morton, was it Jackson, who first found out the use of chloroform? The doctor was applied to in the dilemma. Who should have a statue? 'Perfectly simple,' said he. 'One pedestal! Two statues! Morton here! Jackson there! Underneath, the simple inscription. 'To Ether!'"

THE HOME TABLE.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—Say it, darling;
 "Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
 Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
 O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
 And the curly head dropped low;
 "I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
 "You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
 Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
 Then the tired head fairly nodded,
 And the child was fast asleep.

But the drowsy eyes half opened,
 When I clasped her to my breast,
 And the dear voice softly whispered,
 "Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O the trusting, sweet confiding
 Of the child heart! Would that I
 Thus might trust my heavenly Father,
 He who hears my feeblest cry.

THE SNOW.

"Only see how the snow keeps coming. 'Twill spoil all our fun for to-day," cried Harry Mills, as he stood by the window one Saturday morning. "What is the matter, my son?" asked his mother, "that the storm disturbs you so much?" "Why, you see, mother, we boys were going to have a grand time, for it's Saturday, and the only day in all the week that we don't have to study. The river was just right for skating, and we were planning for a splendid time, but this storm has dashed it all;" and poor Harry pressed his face against the window and gazed out upon the softly falling snow with as forsaken a look as though he had lost his last friend, instead of being surrounded by loving ones who delighted to make him happy.

His good mother said nothing, knowing that his was not a spirit to brood long over such a thing, and then was not the time to reason with him. In the meantime his little four-year-old sister seeing her brother's sober look, had climbed up on a chair beside him, and slipping her soft arms around his neck watched the pure snow as it fell outside. Soon she exclaimed in childish accents, "O, brother Harry, see pretty, pretty, snow!" And Harry could not resist his sweet little sister, for he loved her dearly, so his face brightened as he answered, "Yes, Lulu, 'tis beautiful! Only see what large flakes, and such beautiful forms! look at them as they fall on the window sill; no two seem just alike. O, mother, do come and see it!" "Yes, my dear," said his mother, "the snow is indeed beautiful, as well as wonderful. If you should look at each flake through a microscope, you would see many curious forms. There is one, which, if you notice, you will see resembles a star; it has six little feathered rays diverging from the centre. Then sometimes these points are connected by lines, and so make a different figure, and so great varieties are produced."

"Why, mother, I did not think that each flake of snow was so wonderful. What makes them so curious and so different from each other?"

"The cause of these peculiar forms is a question which scientific men are considering, and is not yet fully explained. They have been observed to change very much on different days and in different atmospheres; then the wind often disturbs their movements making them very irregular in shape. Thus there are several causes for what you see."

Some day you will read and learn more about this interesting subject, and perhaps make observations for yourself. But I guess Lulu does not understand this very well, although she looks so earnest, and appreciates the beauty better than many older people. There, the sun is breaking through the clouds, and the storm has almost ceased; so, Harry, you may have your sport still."

"Yes, mother, I'm glad of that," said Harry, his face bright as the sunlight. "After all, I'm not sorry for this little storm, though I was so unhappy about it at first." "You are such a dear mother," said he, kissing her fondly. A little frolic with Lulu, then with his mother's consent away he bounded.

COUSIN CARO.

"THE BLESSED BIBLE."

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart."—DAVID.

Sometime since we had the rare pleasure of listening to a sweet singer, who, in strains the most plaintive yet triumphant, rendered that beautiful hymn, said to be written by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, and entitled "Blessed Bible." We were especially moved by the buoyant, jubilant faith expressed by the closing lines:

"Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
 And in death we will not part."

How strikingly this clinging unflinching faith is illustrated in the following true incident. It ought hereaf-

ter and always to be published in connection with the hymn. Will not the author, whoever he may be, make a note of it?

A little Indian boy named Jack, in the Indian School established on the Red River by Messrs. West and Cochrane, missionaries of the English Church Mission Society, was taken very sick. In this condition one of the missionaries visited him, and observing a Bible lying under the corner of his blanket, he said,—

"Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that—I hope you find good from it."

Weak, and almost dying, as the poor fellow was, he raised himself on his elbow, held the Bible in his emaciated hand, and while a smile played on his countenance, he said, "That, sir, is my friend. You gave it to me when we all went down to live at Mr. Cochrane's. For a long time I have read it much, and often thought of what it told me. Last year I went to see my sister, across Lake Winnipeg, (about two hundred miles off,) where I remained two months. When I was half way back over the lake I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned around, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro in my canoe before I could reach the place; but I found my friend, and determined that I would not part with it again; and ever since that time it has been near my breast. And I have been thinking that I should have the blessed book buried with me; but I have thought since that I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

While speaking thus he was often interrupted by his cough; and when he had finished, he sank down upon his pillow entirely exhausted, and soon after died and went to his reward—another trophy of the grace of God; through the instrumentality of his word, which is able to make men wise unto salvation.

"Yea, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
 Deep—yes, deeper in my heart.
 Thou through all my life wilt guide me
 And in death we will not part.
 Part in death? No, never! never!
 Through death's vale I'll lean on thee,
 Then in worlds above forever,
 Sweeter still thy truths shall be."

It is, moreover, certainly deserving of mention that Father Joseph S. Tillinghast, the Sunday School man and children's friend, attributes his conversion to the recitation of this very hymn by a little girl in the Sunday School. We heard the venerable brother tell the story at the children's meeting at the late Sterling camp meeting. As we looked upon his gray hairs, his striking profile—the most nearly resembling Wesley's of any we ever saw—and listened to his touching recital, we thought how little the author of those lines dreamed when composing them how many bosoms were to be thrilled, souls saved, or how much good was to be done by them; and how little that Sunday School child imagined, as she rehearsed them on that quiet Sunday afternoon, that she was to be the means of saving a soul from death, by turning a poor sinner from the error of his way.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed,
 A little face above the spread,
 A little frock behind the door,
 A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
 A little blue-eyed face and fair;
 A little lane that leads to school,
 A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
 A little hand within his laid;
 A little cottage, acres four,
 A little old-time household store.

A little family gathering round;
 A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
 A little added to his soil;
 A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair;
 A little stool and easy-chair;
 A little night of earth-lit gloom;
 A little cortege to the tomb.

C. Stein, in The Lutheran Observer.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

One morning after breakfast Charley Allen took his little Testament, and, opening at the 5th chapter of Matthew, he read some of the rules which were given by our Saviour for the direction of our lives. Charlie thought they were very beautiful, and especially liked the verse, "Love your enemies," etc.

His mother came in while he was thus engaged, and Charlie looked up with a bright smile, saying, "Mother, I think if we all loved our enemies the soldiers would not be needed."

"No, my dear; their weapons would grow rusty, and they would have to follow the command to beat their swords into ploughshares, if they used them at all. But, Charlie, it is not so easy a matter to love our enemies, and it is only by the assistance of our Saviour that we can feel a loving spirit towards all."

"I know that, mother; but when I was reading it just now, I thought nothing would be commanded us which we could not do."

"No, my child, with our Saviour's help we can do anything, and that help will be given to all who rightly ask Him for it."

His mother then left the room, and Charlie sat still for a few minutes, wishing he might be helped to overcome all his bad feelings, and said to himself, "I hope I shall remember to-day, if I am provoked, to be kind and gentle."

He then put his Bible away and ran out into his garden. His garden was near the fence, and while he was engaged in pulling up the weeds, and putting it in nice order, a man passed along the street driving a cart of gravel. He saw Charlie in his garden, and feeling disposed to tease him, threw a handful of gravel in his face.

Charlie did not like it very much, but the words came into his mind, "Love your enemies," and he quickly brushed away the sand, and made no complaint. After he finished his work, he went and sat down on the door-step, and was watching the workmen who were engaged in building a new house opposite, when the same man passed again with another load of sand, and, seeing Charlie sitting there, saluted him with another handful.

Charlie, remembering the words, "love your enemies," ran into the house and asked his mother to give him a pear. She did so, and he ran out again very quickly. Feeling some curiosity, she went to the window, and saw Charlie running after the man, calling to him to stop. The man stopped in amazement, and Charlie, putting the pear into his hand, ran back to the house.

The man looked ashamed, and though he passed Charlie many times afterward, he threw no more gravel, and Charlie felt much better than if he had been angry with him; for, as he said to his mother, "I believe it hurts me more than it does those I am angry with."

At dinner-time his father brought him a fine large kite, which Charlie had been wanting for a long time.

After dinner he ran out to fly his kite. He had her all ready, but, on trying her, found she needed a little more tail. He laid his kite down on the door step, and went into the house to get some. He soon returned, but the kite was nowhere to be seen.

Poor Charlie was sadly troubled. He ran up and down the street, and round the corner, but the kite could not be found; and, coming into the house, he told his mother the sorrowful tale.

She pitied him very much, and tried to comfort him, but it was hard work, and Charlie spent a sad afternoon, thinking of his lost treasure.

The next morning school commenced, and Charlie started for it; but what was his surprise and grief when he saw one of his school fellows with the missing kite in his hand.

"Joe," said Charlie, "that is my kite; I am so glad to find it."

"Indeed it is mine," said Joe, who, I am sorry to say, was not always truthful. "It is mine, and I shan't give it up."

Poor Charlie looked astonished, and said, "Why, Joe, my father bought it for me yesterday; there is the red line it had painted on it."

Joe seized the kite quickly, and ran off with it so fast that Charlie could not catch him, so with an aching heart he went on to school.

When he went home to dinner he told his mother the story. She felt very sorry that Joe could be so wicked as to steal the kite and then tell a falsehood about it; but told Charlie to try to be patient, and perhaps Joe would return it soon.

"Well, mother," said Charlie, "I was very angry with Joe, at first; but then, something whispered, 'Love your enemies;' and I pray that I might feel so towards him; and now, mother, I believe I do love even him."

His mother kissed him, and told him how pleased she was that he had been enabled to overcome his angry feelings; then Charlie started off for school again.

The weather had changed, and it was now raining, but Charlie did not mind that, as he had a nice little umbrella of his own, and he ran along with a light heart.

As he turned the corner he saw Joe walking along without any umbrella, and evidently very wet. Charlie ran up to him, saying, "Why, Joe, come under my umbrella, it is raining so hard."

Joe looked as if he would rather not, but Charlie insisted; and, after school, went all the way home with him, Joe looking very much ashamed.

When bedtime came, and Charlie lay down to sleep, he thanked his heavenly Father for having helped him during the day; and, after asking Him to keep him through the night, went quietly to sleep.

Next morning, while they were sitting at breakfast, the door-bell rang, and a fine large kite was handed in, with a card on it, directed to Charlie Allen from Joe.

Charlie's eyes fairly danced, he was so delighted; and he said to his mother, "I thought yesterday nothing could make me happier than to have my kite; and now I believe I am still more glad that I have been enabled to keep that commandment, 'Love your enemies.'"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA, NO. 38.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 11, 21, 16, 22, 13, 20, 25 is a man's name.

My 5, 11, 13, 25 was Simeon's son.

My 15, 2, 4 is a number.

My 14, 12, 25 is a color.

My 13, 23, 16, 13, 4, 7 is a capital city.

My 24, 18, 17, 10 was Salah's son.

My 9, 4, 18, 20 is a preposition.

My 1, 8, 3 was a good man.

My whole is found in the New Testament.

MORRIS A. COLLINS.

Answers to Scripture Questions.

1, 1 Chron. xxviii. 11; 2, 2 Chron. vi. 13; 3, 2 Chron. vi. 4; 2 Chron. iii. 2; 5, 1 Chron. xxviii. 19; 6, 1 Chron. xxxix. 20.

THE MISSIONARY BOARD.

THE HERALD ought to feel, and, as it seeks to do as it ought, it may be said that it does feel, very grateful to those journals that kindly exercise such a faithful oversight of it, lest, perchance, it should go astray. It has several such superintendents, who not having received Episcopal election by the ordinary method, are willing to exercise the functions of that office without the usual laying in of ballots and laying on of hands. Among these bishops of THE HERALD we have the pleasure of recognizing our old friend *The Pittsburg Christian Advocate*. This is a lively and pleasant sheet, which has only suffered a slight discolorization, that naturally came from the smoky atmosphere of its habitat, and for which therefore it can hardly be held amenable. But as we have no prejudice against color, we have no objection to a colored bishop; we rather enjoy this excellence. It has devoted quite a space to one of our late articles on the needs of the Missionary Board, confining its criticisms not to our main argument, but to suggestions which we especially declared to be desirable but not essential. These it misstates, and then calls THE HERALD "revolutionary." We did not "call upon the church to retire" any one. We did suggest to a most eminent and honored brother that in view of the increasing demands of the work, that he should voluntarily "withdraw from burdens to which his years are not equal." *The Advocate* quotes every one of these expressions, quotes them apart from their connection, which gives them an appearance no one could have justly found in them in their original position, and adds, "a long article is in this strain," when the article apart from these few words is entirely in the most cordial and eulogistic strain, not one word or hint of which does it give. About fifty lines are appropriated to this topic, and there are not five lines of those fifty but what are in the highest degree laudatory. Even those five lines do not censure or rebuke, but simply state a fact. As well could our senior bishops complain if they were seeking to carry forward the whole work of our church alone if it should be suggested that the younger bishops should do the "heft" of the work. Did Mr. Emerson condemn himself when in that fine poem, "Terminus," he speaks of the inevitable fate of man, and associates that fate with himself?

"It is time to be old,
To take in sail:
The God of bounds,
Who sets seas ashore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: 'no more!'
As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve, obeyed at prime."

In this advice we are as far from being "revolutionary" as from being discourteous. We offer a suggestion, no more, and that we can certainly offer if occasion calls for it. The occasion does call for deepest consideration. The treasury is \$100,000 to \$150,000 more in debt than it was last May, and only the most intense activity can relieve it: an activity that will exhaust the energies of the strongest and youngest men. Nor did we offer this suggestion as it says, to aid in electing Dr. Butler to the assistant secretaryship. Had such been our exclusive aim, we are too well acquainted with human nature to know that we took the poorest possible way to achieve it. We "should have smoothed the raven down of blackness till it smiled," the blackness of difficulty, in the way of that appointment, and not have ruffled it. *The Pittsburg* seems to think and show that we have done, till it grew darker in its frown. Dr. Butler stands on his own merits. With unusual unanimity New England put him forward for that post. He could undoubtedly get every vote of her ministers, and so far as they have heard him, and that is very far, of her members, for that post to-day. He was the chief candidate that it was claimed possessed a class of gifts the cause demands at this hour—the power of stirring up the people and ministers, and raising money. We however introduced him into our article with two other names, in the farther and central West, and all were urged on the Society.

We may suggest to our excellent associate that THE HERALD has been the only church journal that has fully and earnestly set forth this crisis; that it has done it with the most cordial loyalty, that it has urged the churches to prepare to support the Board in its needs and enterprises, and with the Massachusetts Convention pledged its earnest support. If this be "revolutionary" what is loyalty?

The above was in type when the *Northwestern Advocate* arrived, with a note on our article very different in tone from that referred to above. It takes almost precisely our ground. We take great pleasure in announcing it and approving its general position.

THE ZION'S HERALD is discussing our Missionary Society in articles both able and telling. In the judgment of the editor we need more efficiency and enthusiasm in the management of the institution. For want of these, our collections fall and our debt increases. We need more secretaries as the editor thinks and the venerable and eloquent secretary in chief, should accept an emeritus position, leaving the active labors and rising enterprises of the society to be directed by younger heads and hearts. This last is affirmed with the highest encomiums upon the unprecedented management of Dr. Durbin, but we must say also with heroic and painful plainness. The church has always contemplated the retray of Dr. Durbin from active duty with inexpressible reluctance. He has been one of the lives we would fain have without decline or termination. We doubt not, however, that THE HERALD has penned the thoughts of at least some and perhaps many in the church. We hope that in all hearts the thought has been as far from originating in an unseemly haste to possess the secretary's high place, as we know it has been with our excellent colleague. We are not fully assured that change in this direction would improve our condition. So far as we are able to scan the situation there is no lack of enthusiasm in the missionary cause. Both preachers and people place it highest in their regard of all benevolent causes. But the church has been taxed to the utmost of its ability according to its present standard of giving, a standard far too low it may be. Our century was an immense draft that is not yet paid. It gave an impulse, too, to church building and educational endowments that yet continue. Almost any one can take his own church as an example, and by asking why the missionary collections in it cannot be increased, satisfy himself of the facts in regard to the whole church, for they are everywhere similar. We do require the best of management at New York in this critical juncture and we require extraordinary efforts in

the churches; but we must wait the law of relief that time alone can bring. We feel that the embarrassments of our own society grievously contrast at this moment with the happy condition of the Treasury of the American Board. With almost an envious heart we congratulate the brethren of that Board at their late anniversary. With God's blessing, however, the cloud need not hang over us but for a day. Circumstances have made our task more difficult at the present crisis of our Missionary Society, but the effort must rise to the occasion, or, as a mechanic would say, the force must be greater than the weight, to overcome it. At the same time we should avail ourselves of every possible advantage, as we would of the mechanical powers in physics, and if anything at the Mission Rooms is wanting, if our machinery is not as perfect as it should be, let us demand that the defect be remedied.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

KATHIRINA; HER LIFE AND MINE, by J. G. Holland, illustrated. Charles Scribner & Co. It is not difficult to discern the cause of Dr. Holland's popularity. Despite the critics, he is the most popular American poet, not excepting Longfellow and Whittier. Fifty thousand copies of this poem have been sold in a year. This is partly because of his poetry, for he is a poet, but chiefly because of the flavor of his verse. It has two excellent American qualities, it smells of her soil and her faith. Whittier's has the odor of our fields, but not of our creeds. Longfellow has little of the first, and none of the last. He is loved for his fancies, tenderness, and finish; Whittier for his humanity and heartiness. Holland for his religion. It is the exact prototype of many a saintly wife married to a saintless husband. It is her prayers, struggles, watchings, fears, and longings, that draw so many thousands to these pages, not his aspirations, work or fame. They are not extraordinary, and it is the ordinary, not the extraordinary that makes it so successful. The verse is smooth, sometimes brusque, often strong, almost always natural. His religious debates with his wife substantially occur in thousands of households. This edition is exquisitely gotten up. It has seventy pictures, large and small, elegantly drawn and engraved. They are also as local often as the poem. Northampton, Holyoke Round Hill, and the bridge to Hadley, are all here. It ought to have given Hadley Street, the finest village street in the world, and Amherst Hill, though that is barren of beauty in itself. Kathrina is happily drawn, especially at her baptism, and when she last pleads with him to be reconciled to God. No more appropriate Christian Christmas present will appear this season. Let every prayerless husband of a prayerful wife give it to her, and give his heart at the same time to her God and Saviour.

Messrs. Scribner ought to put *Norwood* in like sumptuous shape. That is the finest poem of New England ever written. It has all the flavor of our faith and life, with an originality, beauty and wealth of language and conception that would set up a score of poets. Holmes, Lowell, Holland and Whittier combined could not reach this strain. The two first have its wit, but not its tenderness, sympathy, soul, and even in Yankee wit they are not its equal. The third is not pluckier in reform or broader in humanity, the last not superior in religious feeling. Let us have *Norwood* profusely and superbly illustrated as a companion picture to Kathrina. It will sell well, and be for years and generations the most popular type of New England life.

IF, YES, AND PERHAPS. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, by Edward Everett Hale. Fields, Osgood & Co. For we may as well give up the old name known from our boyhood, for the new christening. In this case we need not say the old is better. Mr. Osgood is one of the best business men and gentlemen. Affable, accessible, shrewd and smart, he has been the real business life of the concern for several years. He will work well with his partner, now properly advanced to the primacy. Mr. Hale is the pre-Raphaelite of story-tellers. Franklin and De Foe suggest him, but neither of them equals him. He has more humor than De Foe, more fancy than Franklin. He is the daguerrian of imagination. He puts fancies in the best black and white photographs. You are sure it is the most literal of portraits, and to a very careful study shows it a mask, with a mild, jolly eye behind it. He has gathered here some of his best pieces, though not all, and will be found one of the most entertaining Arabians. His "Week in Sybaris," "Round the World in a Hack," and "Rag Pickers," among his very best, are not here. So Oliver can cry for more with a certainty of having his want supplied. He'll surely cry.

MENTAL SCIENCE. A Compendium of Psychology, and the History of Philosophy, by Alexander Bain. Appleton's. A new text book on the oldest and least known of the sciences. It adopts the usual division of the study, but prefixes their analysis with a scientific consideration of the brain and skull as the material seat of the mind. It works up from bone to nerve, from nerve to sense, from sense to thought, to feeling, to will, and from will to the moral being. He takes the high Scotch side in the discussion of the freedom of the will, declares for the uniformity and inviolability of the sequence of motive and volition, thinks the word freedom in connection with the will an inapt intrusion, and declares "that the whole series of phrases connected with the will, Freedom, Choice, Deliberation, Self-Determination and Power to Act if we Will, are contrived to foster in us a feeling of artificial importance and dignity by assimilating the too humble sequence of motive and act to the illustrious functions of the Judge, the Sovereign, the Umpire." In this he differs from another and the real Author not only of mental science, but of the mind itself, who said, Why do ye not of yourselves judge that which is right? The book should not be a text book in Free Will schools unless they wish for the strongest arguments against their position so as to have a whetstone for the sharpening of their wits.

PIVOT WORDS OF SCRIPTURE, by Rev. Philip Bennett Power, pp. 357 (Carter and Bros.), is a good collection of religious essays on a very few of the Scripture's pivot words. These are small enough to suit a verbal inspirationist, and too small for anybody else. It is the microscope applied to this world. "Then," "Here," "Yet," "And," "But," "Whence,"

are specimens. They are the turning words of certain texts and topics. "Thou the devil left him" is a discourse of Christ's temptation. "Let him that stole steal no more, but" is on the changed thief. "And after that thou mayest eat and drink" is on in-door and out-door service. It is a novel idea and quite well worked up.

A BOOK FOR BOYS. Roberts Bros. is a wide-awake talk about boys, their troubles, morality, books, and home life. Every parent or guardian, sore vexed often at the little steam engine he thinks he has in charge, will be edified and comforted by reading this book. It defends young male America, and shows how we must know them, sympathize with them, be as one of them, to govern and guide them.

"A WORD WITH YOU: to Young Men," is a little tract of twelve pages that should be scattered by the million. Order them from W. F., 26 Chauncy Street, Boston. Every young man should read and circulate.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE from July to September is a bound volume that contains the mirror of the best thought of England and America from that ninety days. It shows the activity of modern thought when so portly a volume is made up of only an imperceptible fragment of the literary life of that brief period. Its selections are well made, and from every side, poetic, philosophic, historic, romantic, scientific and political. It is well worth its cost many times over.

Smith's Dictionary of the Bible (Appleton's) is unquestionably superior to any work of the kind that has preceded it. But the style in which it is written and its cost (\$16.50 in cloth), will prevent any extensive circulation of it among the great mass of those who desire and need a Dictionary of the Bible. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have just published a modified edition of this work, and improved in many important particulars.

The original work was written by more than seventy authors among the most learned now living in Europe and America; still what was written by one contributor, not unfrequently asserts what the contributor of another article denies.

Among so many writing independently one of another, and using different authorities, this chabing of opinions could not be avoided except the writers were inspired, as were the authors of the different books of the Bible. The edition of this great work, as published by D. Appleton & Co., harmonizes these different authors, omits repetitions, and thus makes the dictionary not only consistent with itself, but reduces its size full one third, while at the same time it makes room for hundreds of articles not found in the original work. Many of these new articles are of great importance, such as "Atonement," "Faith," "God," "Inspiration," "Justification," "Life," "Love," "Ordin," "Perfect," "Preach," "Redeemer," "Regeneration," "Repentance," "Resurrection," "Salvation," "Sin," "Soul," "Spirit," "Temptation," &c., &c. The price has also been reduced, and it is thus brought within the reach of almost every family.

A few days ago we heard a learned divine, who possesses both of these great works, say he prefers the edition by the Appletons' to any Bible Dictionary yet published.

It is believed that no Dictionary of the Bible is so well illustrated, and none so well supplied with valuable maps. We wish a copy might be found in every family that owns a Bible.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH VOLUME, AND A GREAT ROMANCE.—*Littell's Living Age* enters upon its *One Hundredth Volume* on January next, which fact sufficiently attests its deserved success.

The publishers make a liberal offer to new subscribers for the year 1869; viz., to send them the weekly numbers of *The Living Age*, from the beginning of this story to January next, free of charge.

Besides the above attraction, *The Living Age* will continue to present to its readers its usual complete resume of the valuable literature of the day, embracing the best Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Poetry, Literary, Scientific, Biographical, Historical and Political Information gathered from the whole body of English periodical literature and from the pens of the ablest living writers.

The Map of Palestine and all Bible Lands, drawn by A. L. Rawson, and published by H. H. Lloyd & Co., New York, is one of the best and most valuable ever issued. It is comprehensive and by no means cumbersome, and is admirably adapted either for the library or the Bible class. Its dimensions are 29 by 39 inches, and yet it answers almost every question in reference to the geography, topography, physical features, history, ancient and modern, the remarkable events connected with certain localities, and other things. Students and Sunday School teachers should not fail to have this map. The publishing agent for New England is M. S. Greene, Westbury, R. I.; for Boston, J. H. Martin, 1 Wesley Place.

THE last *Western Christian Advocate* reprints two articles from THE HERALD, without any credit; one from Rev. Mr. Fowler's Address, and one on Earthquakes.

Mr. Dayton's new store, 13 Temple Place, is worth a visit from all in search of small wares. See advertisement.

Publications Received since our Last.

- From Lee & Shepard.—*Elm Island Stories*, Kellogg; Boys and Girls' Magazine.
- From Nichols & Noyes.—*The Human Intellect*, Porter, Scribner; Appletons, Dombey & Son, Marryat's Naval Officer, and Quentin Durward.
- From Cassell, Peter & Galpin.—*The Child's Bible*.
- From Harpers.—*Weeman's Kingdom*; Bercher's Sermons, 2 vols.
- From Gould & Lincoln.—*Porter's Human Intellect*; Corley's Natural Philosophy, Scribner.
- From Fields, Osgood & Co.—*Scott's Poetical Works*, diamond edition; Hawthorne's American Note Books; Atlantic for December; Young Folks.
- From Root & Cady, Chicago.—*Thorough Fare School*, Ludden.
- From M. H. Brown & Co.—*The Children's Album*, Cassell, London; *Pilgrim's Progress*, Warner & Co., London.
- The Westminster Review; Hall's Journal of Health; Annual Report of the University of Michigan; Sunday School Journal; Horticultural; Christian Examiner; Inaugural Address in the Jefferson Medical College, Meigs.

The plan must be one that the poorest school can work, and at the same time one which, while its general features are preserved, will admit of embellishment and extension. Such a general system would obviate another serious difficulty feared by many: that of a constant change of mode by a constantly changing ministry. Every pastor being trained to

a system, would only shade or stamp his own individuality upon the details, and thus secure the very end needed, variety and freshness without material difference.

One half of the day should be taken—which half circumstances will decide. If the fitness of things seem to indicate a choice, it evidently falls upon the morning service. This is the logical order. In a sermon the exposition comes first, and then the hortatory part. As Sunday School instruction is largely expository, it needs the blows of the afternoon sermon to clinch it. Evidently, too, the attention of the children can be better secured in the morning, when fresh and buoyant, than in the afternoon, when perhaps tired and dispirited. What should be the character of the exercises? In the first place it should be distinctly understood that the sermon is not to be supplanted, but to be differently conditional. The diamond is to be the old diamond, with a new and better setting. Let all know that the worship and service are not merged into the Sunday School, but that the Sunday School, instead of being ground between the morning and afternoon service—like corn between the upper and nether stones of a mill—aspire to become identified with one service or the other, and possess grinding power in itself. This will obviate the only serious difficulty to be met with in such a change. Our older members of the societies and congregations are strongly opposed to giving up one sermon in the day. By this arrangement they get all they desire, and the Sabbath School gets all it can consistently ask. The services could not be changed, if properly conducted, in their character as worship, and would only be changed in the direction needed, viz., variety. Services commence now with singing—let the Sunday School sing. We have prayer now—let there be praying still. We have Scripture lessons now—let the same be shared by the school. We have a sermon now—let there be what there is a truly lamentable need of, an expository sermon duly illustrated, and we shall have a service that will be the most popular of all our services.

This subject is receiving growing consideration, and will not fail to demand the attention of our churches more and more till it obtains the freedom it demands. Our present style of two services in the middle of the day was a harmonious evolution of the usages of the age that adopted it. That age had no other meetings. The people went to church at 11 o'clock, and left for home by 3, and these four hours were all that was given to worship. Now we have universally added to these an evening meeting and a Sabbath School, and yet we abate not a moment of the time our fathers gave to public worship. They only appropriated four hours, we add three to four more. In many churches morning and young people's meetings add two more to the burden. This must be changed. The Sabbath is the most over-worked day of the week. Consider these plans, and act on them. Let no church be afraid of losing its members or congregation by the preaching of rival bodies. If the minister prepares himself, and announces his theme, if the regular public services are conducted with children's singing and alternate Scripture readings, if other popular speakers are invited to occupy a few moments, this congregation will be the largest and most interested of the day. Our church introduced the Sabbath evening meeting, the most crowded and popular of all our Sunday gatherings. Let it follow Bro. Bates and a few others in this equally excellent way.

BUDDHA OR CHRIST?

It is not often that we have the privilege of laying before our readers a happy specimen of the fruits of the highest culture both of schools and society. They have to content themselves usually with the humble fare that "fresh water colleges," county school-houses, and the ministers of "the most illiterate denomination" serve up. But the gods have come down to us in the likeness of men,—most decided is the likeness, if not the god,—and have condescended to illustrate the Olympian gifts and graces in speech, that is exceedingly human. Lucian's caricatures of the deities prove to be daguerreotypes. *The Christian Register* is the oldest, and if it will not make its rival of New York jealous, we would add the most courtly of the journals of the "Liberal" persuasion, by which title the body it represents now distinguishes itself. It has always prided itself on a slumberous gentility, and been exceedingly careful not to offend "our best society." Like the grounds and surroundings of Harvard, it has luxuriated in dignified repose, and enjoyed that quiet self-content, of which the Durham ox, in the spacious farms of its neighboring gentility, serenely chewing his cud, and evidently meditating on his own virtues and noble blood, is a fitting illustration.

From this repose it has aroused itself. It has come down from the heights.

"What pleasure lives in height, the shepherd sang,
In height and sold, the splendor of the hills?"
It has ceased

"To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire,"
and has graciously entered the valley of common thought and talk and feeling.

Its first essays in the art of holding intercourse with its fellow-men are not unlike those of our Southern aristocratic brothers in their hobnobbing with their

half brothers and whole sons, whom they lately bought and sold and freely as their colts and cotton, and to much better advantage. There is a mixture of the old hauteur and the present necessity in their bearing that is very amusing to "the man and the brother" whom they thus address. It is finely illustrated in their case as in that of our Boston "brother" by the plebeian Shakespeare, who tells how Coriolanus won the suffrages of the Roman people. It is a happy example of the effort of *The Register* to win the suffrages of the Methodist populace.

"Here he comes in the gown of humility; mark his behavior.

Menenius. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you in wholesome manner.

Coriolanus. Bid them wash their faces, and keep their teeth clean.

Why in this wolfish gown should I stand here
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless voucher?"

How this Coriolanus sues for "our most sweet voices" is seen in the following article, which we present to our readers in its "entirety." We thought of selecting its most polite and brilliant lines; but when we attempted to put the scissors into it, it bled at every vein like Marco Bozzaris. So we drop the editorial knife, and transfer the whole beautiful and finished production to our unworthy columns:

SPECIMEN OF EVANGELICAL TEMPER.

We beg the particular attention of our readers to the following sweet specimen of charity and magnanimity copied from the last number of ZION'S HERALD:

Rev. Mr. Alger has begun a Sunday service in Music Hall that will for a time attract a multitude. The music alone, singers and organ, will cost from seven to ten thousand dollars a year. The preaching is thrown in. If that were left out, the service might be Christian, if not saying. For it is hard to make sacred music sing anything but Christ. But with the preaching attached, the fascination should be shunned. Mr. Alger is the most avowed unbeliever in the Christian doctrines of any preacher in this city. He does not even affirm the certainty of any future life. He puts Christ and Buddha together, with Buddha a little ahead. It is sad to think how many will be lured to destruction through this charming gift of music; for that, not the preacher, draws the multitude. We especially regret to learn that Christians, and even Methodists, consent to sit in his choir. The whole matter of Christian singers serving unchristian congregations needs ventilation. We trust any who go into this orchestra will not remain.

The shameful intolerance of this article, the fierce zeal which burns in it, need no word from us to make them more conspicuous. We merely say we are surprised that the great and liberal Methodist denomination suffer themselves to be represented by such an intolerant bigot. But the wilful and reckless falsehood which one who styles himself a "Christian" minister utters against a brother clergyman, to whom he denies the title of "Christian," cannot be suffered to pass in silence. The editor of ZION'S HERALD says, "Mr. Alger is the most avowed unbeliever in the Christian doctrines of any preacher in this city." Does he repudiate grammar, as well as truth and decency—that he says "of any preacher," when his meaning plainly is, of all the preachers?

But what are the "Christian doctrines?" We suppose all will agree, however they may differ on other points, that the existence and goodness of God, the omniscient providence of God, the natural laws and the supernatural mercy of God, the obligatoriness of the moral and religious virtues exemplified in the teachings and example of Christ, the existence of the soul after bodily death,—are Christian doctrines. To say that Mr. Alger is an avowed unbeliever in these doctrines, or in any one of them, is an unmitigated falsehood and slander, without the least shadow of an excuse. We also challenge the editor of ZION'S HERALD to cite an instance in which Mr. Alger has ever "put Christ and Buddha together, with Buddha a little ahead." Furthermore, we should be glad to have him say distinctly what he means by the assertion that "many will be lured to destruction through the charming gift of music" which Mr. Alger's Society generously offer to the public? Does he mean that those who attend the services in the Music Hall, who listen to the singing and the preaching there, will thus draw on themselves the frown of God, and be doomed, after death, to hell? If he does not mean this, what does he mean? It is cowardly to skulk from explicit statements under cover of a cloud of declamation.

The closing part of this attack on the Music Hall Society exhibits its author in a light so unenviable that nothing save a sense of justice and duty could induce us to direct attention to it. He says, "The charming gift of music, not the preacher, draws the multitude. We especially regret to learn that Christians, and even Methodists, consent to sit in his choir. We trust any who go into this orchestra will not remain." This delicious bit of sentiment, logic and temper, in which the Christian editor of ZION'S HERALD displays his superiority to the heathen preacher of the Music Hall is of such a sacred kind that it deserves to be set off by a secular parallel. For when a mean man is such a moral pachyderm as to do the meanest things in utter unconsciousness of their meanness, complacently putting himself in a pillory, it is right that the spectacle should be made to yield its lesson.

Suppose now that a dry goods merchant, seeing the store of a rival dealer thronged with customers, should at once hurry off and insert in the newspapers the following notice: "The dry goods store of Mr. A. is crowded with purchasers. This is not owing to any attraction in the heretical and dangerous Mr. A., nor to any value belonging to his goods. It is wholly owing to the elegant display made in his windows, and the extreme politeness of his clerks. Now we call on Mr. A.'s clerks to withdraw from his store and cover his windows with mud, so that the multitude will no longer be drawn there by the handsome display." Could any layman in Boston be left to such meanness and folly? No; it is a "Christian" editor who has shown himself capable of it.

This charming piece of "rhetorique sweet," of "courtesie" sweeter, and of argument sweetest, it will be noticed is built up on the slender foundation of a six-line portrait of a distinguished minister, we cannot say of what faith, who has lately entered our finest hall, as a certain other distinguished minister, we cannot say of what faith, entered a certain other brilliant hall.

With the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

Our lines use no opprobrious epithet, but make a

plain statement, which, if not true, can be easily proved, and will be gladly acknowledged to be erroneous; but which, if true, not all the scoldings of all the *Registers* can overcome, however superabundant that scolding may be in what the common world styles blackguardism. We have seen no such pile of abusive words in any other sheet, not even during the late exciting campaign, and against the good and great General who has led our columns to victory. *The World* and *The La Crosse Democrat* must yield the palm to *The Christian Register*. They have one advantage only. Their froth sparkles with wit. They laugh, as well as storm. They crack jokes, if they also essay to crack skulls. They get up what they think amusing epithets, as "Gorilla Lincoln" and "Useless Giant." But *The Register* only scolds. Its last figure is a happy expression of its own style. It throws mud. We should imagine that another step prophesied by Mr. Mayo and others, in the National Convention, had been taken, and that "the Spiritualists" had gained possession of the oldest and most classical organ of its "church," and through a medium put the spirit of a Billingsgate fishwoman in charge of its columns. Certainly nothing more witless or more raving has appeared in a literary circle than this choice outpouring. It is a new dialect of the best English, and will doubtless teach all who study it to write a finished composition, and to respect a finished composer. Our diligent study of it may have enabled us to answer it satisfactorily, if we do not imitate it too closely. Emulating an "humble individual," who by order of the Lord spoke to a very distinguished prophet, whom Mr. Alger and his school put on an essential equality with Christ, we shall presume to utter the word given, as we trust by the Lord, in the ear of the exceedingly irate and errant *Register*.

Leaving all its epithets and insinuations and charges, whether of "intolerance," "bigotry," "cowardice," "skulking," "falsehood," "meanness," or even "thick-skinnedness" (fortunate is it that this last gift is ours), we shall answer its challenge, and more. We shall not treat it with the silent contempt it may deserve, but "bear long" with it, that if possible we may bring it to the knowledge of the truth in Christ Jesus. This ebullition, like some angry spurts we have seen from those under deep conviction may really be the torments of its own conscience, and prove to be the last struggle of the writer against the pressing entreaties of the Holy Ghost. "And the spirit cried and rent him sore, and came out of him, and he was as one dead, inasmuch that many said he is dead." They do in this case. God grant this cry of the evil spirit may be the sign that it is leaving the tenement it possesses, at the command of Jesus Christ, and that our neighbor may soon sit clothed and in its right mind at the feet of Jesus.

What is the charge that has called forth this eloquence? Rev. Mr. Alger, a learned and able man, has commenced preaching in our most attractive hall, with the accompaniments of elaborate music and song. Great crowds are drawn by the fascination of an organ that has no equal in America, France or Italy, that has no superior in England or Germany, and that is in no other instance in the world so fortunately placed for the accommodation of the multitudes that may desire to listen to it. To its magnificent melodies are joined the best musical voices and culture. Singers have been brought away from evangelical choirs to give the real *vox humana* to the mighty instrument. The crowds of strangers in a great city, the floating thousands of churchless and homeless youth, pour into the cheerful auditorium, to listen to the music that is only accessible on all other occasions at a costly price. What else do they hear? All this is but a background. It is the superb stage scenery. What is the play? No paintings surpass, it is said, those employed in the great spectacular dramas of the Black Crook and the White Fawn. Yet these are not the vital and moulding centres of the play. No more is the ten thousand-dollar musical treat the real soul of the Music Hall service. That soul is in the preaching. Who is the preacher? *The Register* charges us with falsehood in stating his creed, and demands the proof. It shall have it. We should ask attention to its own creed, as set forth in this very polite article. Read it:

We suppose all will agree, however they may differ on other points, that the existence and goodness of God, the omniscient providence of God, the natural laws and the supernatural mercy of God, the obligatoriness of the moral and religious virtues exemplified in the teachings and example of Christ, the existence of the soul after bodily death,—are Christian doctrines.

Not one of these is, properly speaking, a Christian doctrine, unless the word "supernatural" may have that tendency; but even that is probably employed to cover the doctrine of restoration, and not the Christian doctrine of mercy, as revealed in the sacrifice and salvation of Jesus Christ. Certainly Mr. Alger would never use it in its last signification. All these doctrines

are simply the creed of naturalists. Not one of them is distinctively and peculiarly Christian. They could all be found in Buddhism, with the single change of Buddha's name for Christ's; a change which Mr. Alger, if his works be any authority, would not refuse to admit, especially if it was not thereby intended to bring discredit on the name of Jesus. For he holds this name in high estimation; only second, in some respects, to that of Buddha. This whole creed is so completely Christ-like that its very enunciation proves one half of our declaration true. Compare it with the Apostles' Creed, and see how vast the difference. Its first and last assertions are its only points of unity; and as to the last, "everlasting life after death," Mr. Alger will not say, if *The Register* does, "This I steadfastly believe."

The statement we made concerning Mr. Alger was that he "is the most avowed unbeliever in the Christian doctrines of any preacher in this city." *The Register* suggests that it should read "of all the preachers;" and though we do not see its necessity, yet for the sake of finding some common ground upon which to stand, we accept its amendment. Did it mean to make a confession, in submitting the correction, and endorse our proposition in essaying to improve our grammar? We shall consider it an omen of that sort.

As this article is becoming long, and must be longer to give the subject any fair treatment, those who are wearied can do as Eothen advises his readers to serve his most labored and most tedious chapters, skip it. We only ask the attention of *The Register*, and any one troubled with the most fashionable and most potent and most dangerous of the heresies of the day.

Included in this statement are two specifications: One, that "he does not even affirm the certainty of any future life," and the other, that "he puts Christ and Buddha together, with Buddha a little ahead." It will be noticed that *The Register* does not deny the first of these charges, except as it suggests a denial in giving its own remarkable Christian creed. It confines its wrath and rhetoric to the last remark. We shall hardly let it off as easily as it desires, but shall prove that the Music Hall preacher is guilty of the whole indictment. Take the last, upon which it makes its stand, first. What are the proofs that he puts Christ and Buddha together? His whole system of religion does this. Mr. Alger is the best Boston pupil of Mr. Parker. He stands here where Mr. Frothingham stands in New York, and Mr. Robert Collyer in Chicago, the faithful disciple of the great Theodore, and of the greater Emerson. He is the most scholarly of the three, while Mr. Frothingham is the most rhetorical, and Mr. Collyer the most oratorical. But in spirit and thought they are one. Mr. Parker affirmed the absolute religion, common alike to all peoples and ages, and exemplified in the illustrious moralist of all ages and faiths. This is Mr. Emerson's most favorite dogma. Mr. Alger subscribes to the same view, and teaches it in all his works.

But Mr. Alger not only puts Jesus Christ and Buddha in the same category on the general principles of his creed, he always compliments Buddha, and often censures Christ. These views are scattered through all his writings. We shall confine our quotations to only one book. In his "Solitude" he constantly eulogizes this father of the most widespread form of heathenism.

"He was thirty-five years of age when called Buddha—the Awakened; the Illumined—wiser than the wisest, higher than the highest, he began to teach his system for the salvation of all living creatures from the miseries of existence."

But this may be called the opinion of others, not his own. Here are certainly his own views:

"His personal and didactic ethics were as noble as have ever been exemplified."

He is thus made the equal of any exemplar. Is not that putting him on a level with Christ. Again:

"He taught self-sacrifice in its highest form. When he had acquired his own deliverance, his mind burned with the divinest pity for others, with tender and heroic desires to redeem them from all their sorrows. His was the first missionary religion that ever appeared upon earth. Before him no religionist had ever dreamed of converting a foreign people to his form of worship."

Of course he puts it ahead of Judaism, which Christ alone professed to represent and translate. "Think not I am come to destroy Moses and the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." What a pity He had not had the true knowledge, so that He could have confessed Gotama Buddha his real and only ante-type. The Bible, from Abraham to Malachi, all written before Buddha's birth, recognizes the unity of man, and urges it. But not so thinks Mr. Alger. "This great reformer, with an unequalled boldness and generosity, commanded his disciples to traverse the earth with the free offer of salvation to all." How like Christ's command, almost his very words. Yet Buddha was "unequalled." Christ and Buddha are together, with Buddha more than a little ahead.

"The earliest teacher of whom there is proof that he extended the sense of duty from the household, the village, the tribe, the nation, over all castes and outcasts, to the widest circle of mankind, is Gotama Buddha. It is his imperishable

honor to be the first man historically known to have distinctly propounded the idea of humanity. Six centuries afterward Jesus conceived the idea with still deeper inspiration, and preached it with still greater effect. But it is wonderful that Buddha should have clearly declared it so long before, and the world will always owe him a debt of revering gratitude for the fruits it has borne in the followers of his faith."

Are not Christ, or Jesus rather,—Mr. Alger never acknowledges Christ,—and Buddha here put together, and Buddha a little ahead? True, Jesus is complimented with being the greater genius, but still he is only Buddha's follower. He treads in his footsteps. He copies his tactics. He enunciates his ideas. Six centuries after him in time, he is not the creator of the ideas. Can Stevenson take away the honors of Watt? "This great reformer was unequalled in his free offer of salvation to all"—the very language of the Gospel of Christ. He proceeds to state and defend Buddha's ideas of Nirwana, or unconscious absorption into Godhood. He says "he believed strictly in no God." And yet he says of this creed, "Nothing can be more emancipating, expanding, enriching in its effect." Here Buddhism and Christianity must be compared. Which is ahead? "The moral regimen of Buddhism is self-renunciation, disinterested sympathy, the common virtues of life and meditative aspiration carried to their last terms." Can Christianity go farther? Which is ahead? Again, speaking of Buddha, he says:

"Instead of presuming to look down on this cosmopolitan hero of the mysteries of human life and destiny as a deluded inferior and unbeliever, we should see that there was much in his example both of faith and conduct so far superior to our attainment that we are scarcely competent to emulate it."

And yet again, defending his doctrine of reducing the universe to "absolute pure being, which he declares is nothing definite, is no thing, he uses this very emphatic language:

"The Christian who asserts that the Unknowable Cause of All is an intelligent and affectionate Father, a personal counterpart of himself dilated to immensity" [no Christian ever asserts this], "would brand as an atheistic nothingarian the scientist who pauses with the idea of a unit of force, and denies substantive validity to everything else. And yet," hearken, "to the philosopher who has adequately thought his way to that conception, with the fit emotion, it is unquestionably a conception of overwhelming religiousness, capable of yielding an unsurpassed measure of authority and trust, of awe, sweetness and peace."

Can Christianity surpass or equal the "unsurpassed?" Is not Buddhism far ahead? He closes his essay on Buddha by declaring of his faith "this is the matchless diamond whose discovery sets every prepared slave free." Well may he say, in his enthusiastic admiration, "Gotama Buddha stands out as one man from amidst a thousand millions."

Turn to his essay on Jesus. How different the tone. In Buddha everything is exhilarating, here everything is critical. Jesus is complimented,—God forgive that word, but it exactly expresses the feelings of this biographer,—yet with the compliments is a constant denial of his claims, or rather an attempt to separate him from his claims, and to throw him into the sphere of ordinary men. In his biographies the Gospels have "incredibilities," and "the Christ of the Fourth Gospel" (always the *pons asinorum* of skeptics) "appears not like a real being, but an impersonated theory, half humanized, and supplied with accordant speeches." Thus he casts this book of the Book to the realm of the myths, or "conscious fictions." He denies his divinity, his miraculous works, his atonement, his second coming, and the Judgment. These last two he calls "monstrous, forensic and theatrical." He declares if Jesus Christ asserted these things, "he labored under a gross delusion." He declares Christ "could never have dreamed of the mediæval idea of the atonement" (by which he understands the present doctrine as held by all Christian churches), "could never have expected to be deified, nor have wished to be personally worshipped." He declares "no one can accept the present portrait of Jesus, painted in the imagination of Christendom, without strong wilfulness and credulity." He puts him with "Abraham, Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, Socrates, Mahommed, and scores more of the holiest and grandest spirits of our race, who have communed with God at first hand, been inspired by Him, felt themselves intrusted with special messages and a general mission;" though he gives him the pre-eminence in this connection over these men. It is only relative. "He is not unlike others in kind." "To such as these," the last above quoted, "a superhuman birth, supernatural feats and endowments have commonly been attributed." They are "the imperial wonder-workers of time." The little pre-eminence of "overtopping authority" given Christ here, but taken from him several times in his "Buddha," is the only eddy that sets back from the steady stream of his discourse. Yet even here Jesus and Buddha are put together, and substantially equalled.

We can give many more citations in proof of these points, but our space is not adapted to a review, and we have sufficiently accomplished the work to which we

were "challenged." Buddha is never disputed as to his claims; Jesus Christ is often. Buddha is declared to be by six centuries his predecessor in the great truth of unity and brotherhood of man. Buddha's doctrines are "unsurpassed in their measure of authority and trust, of awe, sweetness and peace," the especial claims of the Gospel of Christ. Buddha's finality is commended; Christ's declared to be "monstrous, forensic and theatrical." Whatever praises are lavished on the humanitarian ideas and teachings of Christ, the whole of his divine nature, works and redemption is scouted as of "the region of fancy and chimeras." His life is only "the special heightening of the ordinary intercourse of God with human nature." "It is no unique incarnation of the Godhead."

Here we rest our proof. It is consistent with the absolute religion to give Buddha the pre-eminence. He commends him in his conflict with the Brahmins, because he "flung away as worthless and burdensome the cumbersome ceremonial law, with its superstitious prayers and sacrifices," and substituted a "brief formula of salvation." It is the old conflict between sacrifice and non-sacrifice in the heathen no less than the Christian world, in which of course he sides with the non-sacrificial party.

However exalted are his eulogies of Jesus, and they are abundant, this fact remains, that He is put with his sinful creature who spread an infidel and dissolute Pantheism through all the East, and that, in the general treatment of the two, and especially in the treatment of their teachings, the first place is given to Gotama Buddha.

A striking evidence of this feeling in the heart of Mr. Alger is shown in his treatment of the titles of the East Indian heathen, and the Son of God. The former's first name was Gotama; Buddha was his official name, "the Illuminated." Yet he calls him by his official name always, and sometimes gives both. It would have been analogous, had he been simply impartial, to have called Jesus "The Christ," or "Christ." That is his official title, "Anointed." But he never gives him this designation in his essay. It is always Jesus. "Gotama Buddha" should have been offset by "Jesus Christ." But this concession he declines to make. It would compel him to yield more to his claims than he wishes to do. Therefore he studiously strips him of his official robes. In this he intentionally puts Buddha ahead. Had he looked at Gabriel's definition of Jesus, he might have seen that in accepting the latter name, he accepted all. Nothing is made by this purposed slight and dishonor.

We should have not expended so much space on this topic were not its branches and roots most widely spread. Buddhism is not confined to one pulpit, or clique. It is the dominant heresy of to-day. The Spiritualists only have another face of this same idolatry. They too put Jesus Christ on a level with other mediums. The Free Religionists boast of this religion. In their reports, speeches and essays, they put Christ and Buddha together, with the latter substantially first. It has at last practically subdued the national Unitarian body unto itself, and the ancient free religionist of India is placed by the side of, and therefore above the Lord Jesus Christ. The church should arouse and behold this giant heresy, whether in the masses or the scholarly, and meet it in the name of our Lord and Master.

How far he falls in affirming the certainty of a future life, we shall show in another paper. If the *Register* shall recover its former sense of justice and courtesy, it will give the citations it demanded a place in those columns where THE HERALD has been so unjustly accused. Will it do so?

NEW PREMIUMS.—Russell's superb engravings are offered as a premium for new subscribers. Either of them will be sent for two new names and five dollars. See list of premiums in another column.

A WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION convenes in this city to-day. It is called by some of our most eminent men and women. It will open the way for this coming reform. Many women will, we hope, vote for General Grant's re-election to the presidency. Massachusetts should not let Kansas or England get ahead of her. She should strike the word "male" from her constitution—to think of that word being in the constitution of a State that always uses the feminine gender in speaking of herself! Her commonest language rebukes our conduct. If the Republican Party can learn that there is an issue high and right which it should avow as its own and will endorse prohibition and the woman's ballot, they will be supported by more than fifty thousand majority. Let the amendment be submitted by the coming legislature. We have a governor who was brought up on reform, and is not afraid of it in any just form, and he will not hesitate to give it his support. We trust before the next election the word "male" will follow the word "white," and Massachusetts conform to the first declaration of the first woman's rights writer in the first chapter of the oldest book, who makes her and man the same. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them."

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

Statistical Returns of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1868.

The New York Advocate publishes the following returns showing the present number of the members of the Conferences of the M. E. Church, and the increase for the past two years. The figures are exclusive of the number of bishops and traveling preachers. The present number of traveling preachers is 8,481; of local preachers 9,893; total, 18,379. The net increase of the number of traveling preachers is 477, and of local preachers 429, making a total net increase over the number in 1867 of 906.

CONFERENCES.	Total 1868.	Increase this year.	Increase last year.
Baltimore,	17,735	1,967	1,721
Black River,	22,197	351	354
East Baltimore,	42,312	4,009	4,404
Kansas,	2,805	146	231
Kentucky,	9,184	2,138	1,119
Maine,	17,350	3,333	7,101
Mississippi,	13,124	586	401
Missouri and Arkansas,	16,164	8,265	5,207
Nebraska,	25,746	5,330	7,708
Newark,	2,286	180	109
New England,	29,308	1,842	2,210
New Hampshire,	23,178	972	1,255
New Jersey,	12,650	30	697
New York,	39,272	2,684	dec. 182
New York East,	39,895	2,449	989
North Indiana,	37,426	2,114	1,530
Onondaga,	32,850	2,751	1,822
Philadelphia,	19,348	dec. 349	412
Pittsburgh,	59,799	1,873	2,103
Providence,	47,659	3,691	808
South Carolina,	18,054	635	1,184
Texas,	18,200	8,532	0,531
Troy,	3,391	1,807	57
Vermont,	28,610	2,092	502
Virginia and N. Carolina,	13,909	684	
Washington,	2,756	2,085	
West Virginia,	21,036	3,573	4,251
Wyoming,	27,959	1,176	7,675
Liberia,	17,844	811	191
East Maine,	1,839	131	269
Germany and Switzerland,	10,717	605	dec. 625
Delaware,	6,334	406	578
Des Moines,	9,901	777	899
East Genesee,	14,771	1,859	793
Erie,	24,222	974	438
Colorado,	32,881	1,008	1,403
Oregon,	561	37	193
Cincinnati,	4,504	287	873
Detroit,	39,025	dec. 983	208
Iowa,	29,596	1,228	2,228
Upper Iowa,	29,522	1,341	1,641
Central German,	18,066	1,397	1,598
Nevada,	9,851	-299	438
Michigan,	448	81	122
North Ohio,	21,048	1,055	1,929
Southeastern Indiana,	18,923	2,552	725
Southern Illinois,	22,829	5,126	dec. 429
Illinois,	24,788	2,559	1,089
California,	34,675	1,840	2,205
Indiana,	6,185	419	354
Central Ohio,	28,270	dec. 464	1,303
Northwest German,	19,094	dec. 973	923
Minnesota,	6,071	dec. 452	504
Central Illinois,	10,169	1,370	48
West Wisconsin,	22,385	649	1,382
Rock River,	12,167	dec. 106	507
Northwest Indiana,	21,143	110	595
Ohio,	20,063	2,047	344
Tennessee,	33,814	1,955	684
Wisconsin,	9,474	3,458	2,848
Southwest German,	12,708	375	507
Holston,	7,088	131	553
Genesee,	15,723	2,003	5,509
Georgia,	9,679	214	194
India Mission,	15,134	4,321	93
Alabama,	550	192	
Total this year,	11,554	2,345	
Total last year,			1,242,359
Increase this year,			1,146,081
			96,178

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE BROMFIELD STREET Literary Society of Boston gave a very brilliant and interesting entertainment on Wednesday evening, 11th inst., in the vestry of the church, on which occasion the members of the Grace Church Literary Association were invited guests. Readings, declamation and music occupied the rapid hours until ten o'clock, when the large company sat down to an elegant collation. A number of distinguished ministers and laymen were present, and the wealth, beauty and intelligence of the denomination in Boston were well represented. It is pleasing to know that both these excellent associations are in a flourishing condition.

LYNN DISTRICT SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.—The annual Sunday School Convention of the Lynn District, was held at Ipswich, on the 11th inst. Owing to the extremely unfavorable state of the weather the attendance was not as large as usual. After devotional exercises and introductory remarks by Rev. J. M. Bailey, of Beverly, essays and addresses were made by Revs. Messrs. Capen, Smith and Bridge. In the afternoon session Rev. S. F. Chase read an essay on the use of Question Books, and J. P. Magee, esq., made an address on "What ought to be the character of Sunday School Library Books?" followed by addresses from Revs. J. O. Knowles, P. Wood, and others. At the evening session Rev. T. J. Abbott, of Swampscott, spoke on "What ought to be done in the Sunday School Mission Work?" and addresses were made by Revs. S. B. Sweetser, and L. J. P. Collier. It was an interesting and profitable occasion, and many fresh thoughts were sown which it is hoped will develop something of permanent value to the Sunday Schools of the District. It was a subject of regret that the weather was so unfavorable, but those who attended were amply rewarded both mentally and spiritually. We shall have a more extended report on our next.

NORTH PRESIDENT, MASS.—Rev. O. W. Adams writes: "We are not so far out of the world, or so small, as to be forgotten of the Lord. We have had a good revival in progress for

some weeks, and a good number have joined the praying army. The meetings are now increasing in interest and power. Convictions are so pungent that some go from our meetings to find no sleep nor rest till found at the foot of the cross. There were five or six of this class last evening; two men and their wives, who found the Lord before morning. We have some very marked, clear conversions from the ranks of the wicked in this work. Some of all classes are found among the participants of God's grace. When I came here last spring I asked the Lord to give me one hundred souls this year. For this I have earnestly prayed and labored. Now I rejoice and give glory for what he is doing in our midst. And if our interest continues, as we hope it may, we shall have before Conference a large surplus to my number.

CLIFTONDALE, MASS.—Rev. J. F. Bassett writes: "We have just completed the remodeling of our chapel, which has been put in perfect repair, and made neat and attractive by frescoing the walls in a manner pronounced by those who are judges of such work superior to anything in this vicinity; also by putting in a black walnut altar-rail and preachers' desk, and newly carpeting the audience-room throughout. At the opening services on the last Sabbath (Nov. 8), we were permitted to administer the ordinance of baptism and receive new members into full connection, and as the fruits of the interest during the summer we expect that others will soon follow their Lord in this ordinance. Pray for us."

Providence Items.

The verdict of the Ecclesiastical Court, in the case of Rev. J. P. Hubbard, was to have been made public Monday, the 2d instant, but for some unexplained reason it has not yet been given. Whether the Court is afraid or ashamed to make their decision known, or lack evidence necessary to a judgment, we are not informed. The action of the late Episcopalian Convention leaves a small hope of Mr. Hubbard's acquittal. They must condemn and censure, or unfrock him. We wait to see them "shoot Niagara."

The Richmond Street Congregational Church has invited Rev. Nelson Millard, of Chicago, to serve them as pastor for six months. They have been without a pastor for nearly two years.

Rev. Mark Trafton read his new lecture upon "The Coming Woman," before the Preachers' Meeting last Monday morning. It was a clear, conservative and characteristic survey of "The Woman Question." He does not believe in the theories of "The Revolution," Mrs. Susan B. Anthony and others; but believing that there are constitutional and heaven-ordained distinctions of head, heart and hand between the sexes, he advocates Woman's Rights in woman's sphere and place, and man's rights everywhere else. He is ready to explain himself before any community which is under conviction, or is seeking light upon this question.

Dr. Butler's lecture upon "The Sepoy Rebellion" drew a very respectable house, and gave good satisfaction.

There is to be an old-fashioned "Four days' meeting" held in the Chestnut Street Church, commencing Tuesday, November 17th.

It will be gratifying to the numerous friends of Rev. Erasmus Benton to learn that he has partially regained his health. Though not able as yet to preach, he is able to get about, and has recently spent a week in Providence upon a visit to his son, Rev. J. T. Benton.

Asbury Chapel was dedicated Wednesday evening, Nov. 11th. The Asbury Church is a new society which was organized last March. Under the indefatigable labors of Bro. John Livesey, the pastor, a good congregation and Sabbath School have been gathered and organized. During the summer they worshipped in an engine house, but for the last two or three months have had to meet in private houses. Their new chapel is a neat house in the Gothic style. The main audience-room is 98 feet by 46, and will seat about four hundred persons. The whole cost of the edifice and furnishings was about \$3,400, of which amount \$2,200 had been secured previous to the dedication. The sermon, by Rev. J. A. M. Chapman, was an elegant, finished and evangelical discourse upon Rom. vi. 23, which gave universal satisfaction and profit. The collection amounted to \$522.48, leaving a debt of \$600 still upon the church.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE M. E. TRACT SOCIETY.—It will be seen by a notice in the Church Register that the anniversary of the Tract Society will take place at Portland, Me., on the 29th inst.

The Northern Independent calls for a New York State Methodist Convention. We hope the Methodists of New York may follow the example of Massachusetts. There are many things affecting our denominational well being which cannot for want of time be duly considered at Conferences, whether annual or quadrennial. Give us a State Convention then at some central point.

PERSONAL.

We are glad to learn that President Merrick, of Ohio Wesleyan University, practices what he preaches. He puts no D.D. against his name, and never votes in approval of those which the faculty and trustees confer. His example will yet be copied by every president and every minister.

Prof. Goldwin Smith arrived in N. York in the steamship Weser, from Southampton, on Sunday week, and left on Monday evening for Ithaca, to assume his duties in the Cornell University. Prof. Smith's health suffered considerably by the roughness of the voyage, yet he feels able to undertake his work at once.

MISTAKE.—The residence of Mr. George L. Brown, the artist, is not on Third Street, as we stated last week, but on 220 Fourth Street, third door from G Street. All lovers of the best art will delight in visiting the studio of one of the best of artists.

Mr. Wm. E. Hadley, of Hanover Street Church, will accommodate every one desirous of good shoes and boots, from A. Lamkin, No. 10 Tremont Row. He fulfills the motto of the

shoe dealer, who, when his rival set up as his sign, "Men's consciæ recti," printed over his door, "Men's and Women's consciæ recti." Call and see him.

Shebnah Rich, esq., having done good service to Church and State in St. Louis, has returned to Boston, and brings with him the best St. Louis flour. Whoever wants the finest of wheat, at the lowest of prices, will give him a call.

Dr. Mayo, of No. 4 Hamilton Place, does for the teeth what Eno. Hadley does for the toes, puts them in the best condition.

NOTES.

The Radical, which is the fullness of skepticism, is in a cool and comfortable frame of mind over the Unitarian Conference. It illustrates the feelings of its school by the apt story of "the feller" who replied when told that his girl was homely, that he knew it, but he calculated she'd do to begin with. A year hence this good-natured Radical "feller" will be swapping off this half good looking no-authority Christianity for the real Buddhist beauty, dark, oriental, and altogether lovely to this Boston boy.

The Ambassador says Mr. Mayo, who was the chief objector to the no creed policy of the Unitarian Convention, when in the Universalist ranks was a great advocate of the "Life not Creed" theory. It illustrates his conversion by an incident that happened to one of its friends, who, being very profane, joined the navy. They thought he would go to the worse quick, as he had already gone to the bad. But he came out cured. He said the swearing that prevailed there was so much worse than his that he got ashamed of his sin and abandoned it. One of the former Methodists of that body illustrates the same law. The one that declined putting himself under any dogmatic yoke was of the fiercest super-orthodox school in his early ministry. Both of these we regret to see have not followed the example of that midshipman. They seem to exceed their associates in their fervor of anti-Christ. Like a fallen woman or angel, they show the heights they once occupied by the depths into which they have plunged.

The Universalist thinks that because The Investigator and THE HERALD agree in their view as to the position of the Bible on future and eternal punishment, the view itself must be false. But if an infidel and Methodist should declare that The Universalist advocated the salvation of all men, (time when, being left by it judiciously unstated,) would that prove that it did not advocate such a doctrine? On some things even Christ and the devil agreed; standing together on the pinnacle of the temple, for instance, and using the same book for authority, only Christ used it according to its meaning, Satan according to his wishes.

The Western thinks it would be well to have the word "colored" omitted from the dictionary to suit the fastidious taste of THE HERALD, which opinion also The Pittsburg Advocate seems to kindly endorse. The two representatives of our two colored cities might naturally desire to escape from their ignominy through such a revision, but they cannot be accommodated. "Colored" will remain in the dictionary and in their atmosphere, and largely on the faces and clothes of their people. But in none of these will it have the significance which it yet holds, we fear, in the hearts of our fraternal journals. No dictionary, however unabridged, has such a definition as this: "Colored, a term applied to a class of our fellow men and fellow Christians who are properly held in sovereign contempt by the rest of their brethren, being excluded from their houses, churches, pulpits and stores, except in menial positions, forbidden to vote or to intermarry with the rest of mankind, put in Conferences by themselves, and even driven forth after they have been once associated with their brethren in this fellowship, and treated always as an abhorred thing." It is left for a Christian advocate to favor such sort of definitions as these.

ART ITEMS.

Prang has issued Bierstadt's "California Sunset." This brilliant picture is well rendered, though it does not flash as much as Bricher's autumn sketches, the best flashes of fire from the American easel. The Tribune art critic, who has a special grudge against chromos in general, and Prang in particular, condemns Morvillier's "Winter," a very fine chromo, and advises the artist to study winter before painting it. He had never heard of the most popular winter painter that has ever appeared in America, whose works on this subject are as famous as Bricher's on Autumn, and Champney's on Conway. He is dead, and therefore its advice is wasted. It should be taken home, and teach the writer to see art in the best copies of art, as he now sees it in engravings and copies painted by hand.

Retrospection, a lithograph published by McKinney & Co., is the picture of a very pretty girl who is looking partly over her shoulder, which we suppose is the meaning of the title.

The Lord's Prayer, in sixty different languages, is a chart issued by Piper & Co. How completely the oneness of man is taught, when from so many different tongues and tribes, of all complexions and locations there goes up in diverse tones one common confession, prayer and praise. Thy kingdom is coming. All the earth is repeating the Pater noster. All nations are acknowledging their heavenly Father. May every soul confess him and believe on him in Christ the Lord. This chart will be a fine ornament for vestries and families.

The Boyhood of Lincoln, by Eastman Johnson. All who have seen "The Barefoot Boy," will be glad to know that another masterpiece has come from the same pencil. It represents a large boy standing by the light of the fire in a log cabin. It is a difficult subject. Very few are able to paint torch or firelight scenes. But Mr. Johnson is a very diligent, careful artist. He once went a dozen miles to see a real log cabin. In consequence of great painstaking, he is able to depict truthfully. The picture is admirable. In the chromos of Mr. Prang it will afford a pleasing contrast to the more common class of pictures, and set an example of diligence in hundreds of homes. It is on exhibition at Childs', 127 Tremont Street.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

CEYLON.—Rev. J. C. Smith, who has been laboring in Ceylon under the patronage of the *American Board* for more than a quarter of a century, writes:

When we compare the present state with what it was twenty-five years ago, we can see much progress. We have ordained another native pastor, and installed him over the church at Batticotta, and the church has his whole support. This is a step in advance, and is encouraging. We hope that others may do the same.

THE QUAKERS IN MADAGASCAR.—We are glad to know that the Society of Friends have entered with new zeal upon the foreign missionary work. They have recently established a mission in the island of Madagascar, where the *London Missionary Society* have been operating for several years with so much success. From *The Friends' Review* we learn "That the work spreads rapidly, and appeals for Christian teaching come from many districts 'where the foot of the white man has never yet trod.' The Bible finds its way to these far-off places, and little companies of Christians are gathered, who, increasing in number, soon build places of worship, and form their church government according to what they understand from the teachings of the New Testament. Of course with all there is often much ignorance, but always an intense desire for instruction."

MISSION ROOMS.—From our *Mission Rooms*, at New York, we get the following cheering intelligence:

SWEDEN.—Rev. V. Witting, our Superintendent of this department of the Scandinavian work, gives us most cheering accounts of the work under his immediate supervision. He also informs us of the breaking out of revivals wherever the converts from the missions visit; he also gives account of the outbreaking of the work under the influence of brethren from America, who have gone home to visit relations, and to bring to the country of their adoption and new birth some of their countrymen as they can induce or assist to come to America.

CHINA.—We are almost startled by the accumulating evidence on our hands of the openings for the spread of Christianity in China. We shall shortly lay before our church some new facts, which, we trust, will increase their interest in a field where hundreds of millions call for many laborers. Who will ask the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers?

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—The Right Reverend Charles T. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, died in London, on the 28th of October, in his 75th year. Archbishop Longley belonged ecclesiastically to the old school of "moderate" Establishmentarian divines; but in the last three years his amiable temper, co-operating with his instinctive hyper-conservatism, led him to temporize with the reckless and audacious policy of Bishop Wilberforce and the High Anglicans, and in this to become a most inadequate standard-bearer for the English Church in her supreme hour. Incapable of bold and persistent action, the latter portion of his primacy was marked by a series of disastrous vacillations and blunders. He first gave his countenance to the Bishop of Cape Town in his revolutionary action in South Africa, and then withdrew that countenance. In an interval of reason, he encouraged Lord Shaftesbury to introduce his anti-ritualistic resolutions, and then he shiveringly withdrew his approval when they came up for action. He was induced, by Bishop Wilberforce's importunity, to convene the "Pan-Anglican Conference," as if it were to be a living council, and then, alarmed at the consequences, he paralyzed it into a mute show. He mildly denounced Ritualism at the very moment when he was giving, in private, his official consent to the promotion of Ritualistic divines to colonial bishoprics. He helped to bring the Irish, if not the English Church, to the verge of destruction by his torpor on the subject of ecclesiastical reform; and then, when the storm came, he found himself incapable of meeting it, either by advising energetic measures of self-reformation, or by an appeal to those Protestant convictions by which alone the Establishment can be maintained. Amiable, devout, dignified and courteous, he has shown, in his disastrous primacy, how unfitted are mere moderation, and a desire simply for compromise and peace, to guide the Church in times when her foundations are assailed. Upon his successor, humbly speaking, do the destinies of the Church of England depend; and earnest should be the prayer that a suitable man should be found for this most critical post.

The see of Canterbury is of the annual value of £15,000, and the patronage consists of 177 livings.

Baptist Church.

TEXAS.—The Baptist State Convention recently met at Independence. A larger number of ministers and delegates were in attendance than have attended in eight years. The cause of Missions received earnest attention. Education was discussed, and renewed efforts resolved on, in behalf of Baylor University and Baylor Female College, which are the special charge of the Convention. Sunday School Books and Periodicals received due attention. An impulse was given to all the interests in which the 50,000 Baptists of Texas are engaged.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Revivals are reported in various parts of the State, the result of protracted meetings. To many of the churches additions have been made by baptism. The churches in Mt. Pisgah Association report for the year about 500 baptisms, making a gain in the membership of about 40 per cent. —*Eva.*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Of Columbian College, a writer in the *Western Christian Advocate* says: "It has checked, in a great measure, the proselytism of the Roman Church here, by affording facilities for the education of the youth of this city outside of Catholic schools. Being the only Protestant educational establishment of high grade here, it has furnished teachers for our public and private schools; and today, as in times past, nearly every Protestant school in the District is controlled by members of the Baptist Church."

It is to be hoped that there soon will be an awakening of our people to the fact that the education of our youth, especially in the West, is largely in the hands of Jesuitical teachers. Female schools are their grand forte; in them is the greatest mischief done. When will American Protestants open their eyes to the danger that hangs over them?

THE NEW ROWE STREET CHURCH, BOSTON.—The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new church of the Rowe Street Society, took place on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 31st. The basement story will contain a large vestry, committee and class rooms, beside a series of rooms nineteen feet wide, extending across the transepts, a distance of ninety-two feet, for the social meetings of the society. The audience

room is cruciform in plan, and 60 feet wide in the nave, 92 in the transepts, and 112 feet long. There will be wide galleries in the transepts continued much narrower to the front, with another wide one covering the vestibule. Seatings are provided for about 1,300 people, with a liberal amount of space for each. Hard wood will be used throughout for finishing, ash for the basement, and black walnut for the audience-room. The roof is of open timber construction, exposed to the ridge, and carried on iron columns with a rich foliated capitals. The exterior will be constructed with pressed brick and gray sandstone. The tower is to the final of the spire, 130 feet above the sidewalk. The roof will be slated in bands of two colors, and crowned with an iron crest. The style of the building will be an adaptation of gothic. It is expected that the building will be covered in and slated by the first of January, and the vestry room ready for occupancy by the first of April, and the whole finished during the summer and fall. The estimated cost of the building is about \$125,000.—*Advertiser.*

Congregationalist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS CONGREGATIONALISM.—According to statistics just printed, there are in Massachusetts 496 Congregational churches, having a membership of 79,526, being an increase of 1,692 during the year. Less than one-third of these members are females. The total number of baptisms reported is 1,928 of adults and 1,972 of infants. All but 67 of the churches are supplied with settled or acting pastors. There 93,440 scholars in the Sabbath Schools, with an average attendance of 62,789.

Presbyterian Church.

The Right Way.—A large and flourishing Presbyterian church authorizes its Treasurer to let pews and sittings in its spacious house of worship to all persons applying, and at such annual rent as the applicants are able to pay, themselves being the judges. And the price agreed on is known to no one but the Treasurer and the party. This encourages the poor, and those not very poor, to come and take seats.

Rev. Dr. Musgrave, who was Moderator of the (O. S.) Assembly in Albany, was addressing the Synod of New York at its late meeting, and broke out as follows:

"The question is, brethren, shall Infidelity, Romanism, Ritualism, Arminianism control the land, or the system of sound, doctrinal, biblical truth as it is in Jesus! Yes, sir; one reason why I am so much in favor of re-union between all Calvinistic and sound Presbyterians is, that we ought together to go forward in the name of Christ and his kirk, to redeem our broad land for Him."

Roman Catholic Church.

An enterprise has been set on foot by the Catholic Publication Society to issue a series of cheap books for the million. The series is to commence with a work in which a man who was once a Congregationalist minister tells why he became a Roman Catholic. Father Hewitt, a son of the late Rev. Dr. Hewitt, furnishes the introduction. Six young ladies, several of them the daughters of well-known families, have just taken the black veil in the nunnery of Finsbury. The ceremony is described as exceedingly impressive. Perhaps the facts just mentioned, with scores of others, may convince the unconvinced that Romanism is working among us.—*Observer.*

O no! Nothing short of the burning of some prominent Protestant on Boston Common, or in the City Hall Park, New York, by a Romish Inquisition, will ever open our eyes. We—we are the people, and wisdom will die with us!

ROMANIST PERSECUTIONS OF PRIMITIVE METHODISTS IN IRELAND.—The Rev. W. Robinson, Primitive Methodist minister of Waterford, writes to the *Belfast News Letter*:—"Permit me to call attention to the persecutions the Methodist congregation of Ladylane, Waterford, have been subjected to for a number of years past. The Sisters of Charity (so-called) have a school immediately adjoining the preaching-house, and as soon as service commences in the Methodist chapel, whether it be Sunday or week-day, morning or evening, a mob of young people is turned out of the convent, and right under the windows of the preaching-house commence yelling and shouting, and keep it up all the time of the service, to the perfect annoyance of the congregation. In vain have we appealed to the superiors of the convent, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford—the nuisance only became the more insulting."

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA ON PRAYER.—On Thursday, at a meeting of the Evangelical Union, held at Exeter-hall, General Burrows related the following anecdote of Lord Napier, which had come under his notice: "Years ago," said Lord Napier, "in Edinburgh, I happened to read one of your delightful authors—a writer who, I believe, is very popular among you—I speak of Hugh Miller. I well remember a description there given of a scene which happened one stormy night. The mother of Hugh Miller was sitting in the house of a minister, and being terrified by one of the fiercest gusts of the storm, she ran to the minister's door and knocking at it said, 'Come and let us pray for those that are at sea,' and they knelt down and prayed. Her husband, who commanded a small coasting vessel, was out at sea that night, and during a tremendous gust of the storm, a mighty wave submerged the barque, which struggled as though she would never rise again, but at length she with difficulty emerged to the surface, and the father of Hugh Miller, who was at the wheel with his mate, said, as soon as he could recover his breath, 'There must have been a good soul praying for us this night.' I felt," said Lord Napier, "that those poor Abyssinian captives, as they breathed the open air after passing the gates of Magdala, might have said: 'There are many good souls praying for us this day.'"

OUR SOCIAL MEETING.

A Nebraska brother, from Nebraska City, defends his State against what he thinks reflections on its character. The criticism won't hurt it, though the defense is welcome.

More than ever before are the visits of THE HERALD prized in this far off western land, and more treasured than all others beside. After the most attentive perusal this alone of all our papers is carefully preserved for binding. And not only this, but the more we prize it the more jealous we are of its reputation, the more concerned that its contents be at all times reliable and correct, that it neither intentionally or unwittingly misrepresent or mislead its readers by any statement therein.

Hence you will please excuse me if I ask the privilege of correcting one or two statements made by a correspondent in the number of September 24th, concerning the far West. Doubtless the writer gave utterance to the exact impressions made upon his own mind while in this section, but whether he was a proper judge of what he writes with only a railroad experience and observation is a matter of question. In his letter he says:

"Two things struck me as a little strange for this country, viz.: the utter silence of the sisters, upon whom the General Conference has bestowed the elective franchise, and the absence of earnest responses. New England in these respects is far ahead of the West, and yet we are regarded by our

western brethren as a stiff, Puritanical, unimpressible people. There is more spiritual power in the East than in the West among Methodists."

That this statement does injustice to the West I am well persuaded. I have lived three months in this State, Nebraska, during which time I have heard more sisters pray and speak, and more responses and loud amens during service, than in almost any three years of toil in the Providence Conference. And as for "spiritual power," I think if the good brother had prolonged his stay and taken a side trip to this city, he might have had his impressions corrected in this matter also.

The fact is, Omaha and Council Bluffs, where our brother made his stop and stay, are well known in this country as being the most New Englandish of any cities west of the Mississippi River. Omaha, especially in church matters, is a kind of second Boston—New England all over.

Not that this New Englandism is an evil to be deplored—on the contrary, we are proud of the fact—but it is not a fair representative of western customs or piety. If our Boston brethren will just turn aside from the line of the great Inter-Oceanic Railway, and visit some of those places more fully occupied and controlled by the western mind, they will find a marked contrast existing between them and the cities already named. There is a freedom and sociability to the people here that cannot escape notice—a thing unknown in the East so far as my observation ever extended, except among the sailors of Cape Cod, and not even there to the same extent as it is observed in this land; and in our religious gatherings, love feasts, prayer meetings, and even preaching services, there is more enthusiasm, more spirituality, more responses and more zeal manifested than it has ever been my lot to find in fourteen years of experience as pastor of New England churches and congregations.

Again your correspondent says:

Dr. Kynett, in his address at the anniversary of the Conference Church Extension Society, (Des Moines Conference) made some remarks which we hope will be repeated at all the western Conferences. He stated that the time had come when the West must take care of itself; must build its own churches and supply its own population with church sittings; that they were better able to do it than eastern cities were to take care of themselves. He remarked that Iowa was vastly better supplied with church accommodations than Philadelphia, or almost any other large eastern city.

If statements of the secretary and the expressed wish of his reporter were intended for only that portion of the West east of the Missouri River, I shall raise no question or utter no protest; it is something concerning which I have little knowledge. But for the State and Conference of Nebraska I respectfully enter my disclaimer. I have rode over this country, visited its interior towns far away from the river and railroads, and from quite an extended observation am prepared to say that no Eastern village or town or city of my acquaintance is now or ever has been since my earliest remembrance so poorly provided with places of worship. There is not in all this State a single Methodist Church equal to the vestries of New England; and in the great majority of places there is no church, and but little means to build one. Never in all my life have I found such spiritual hunger and such a dearth of church privileges and accommodations.

It is with regret, therefore, that I see anything in THE HERALD calculated to send up the fountain of sympathy and benevolence towards this really needy portion of our land. I do know from what I have seen that could my eastern brethren be brought face to face with the necessities of this country, their sympathies would be enlisted and their assistance promptly extended.

Other churches are moving in this matter. Already the Episcopalians are far ahead of us in church enterprises, and through the liberal assistance rendered by the East are planting churches all over our territory, while we are compelled to look idly on, and for want of a little real practical sympathy behold the ground slipping from under our very feet and the golden opportunity vanish forever.

The fact is, and there is no use of whitewashing it over, if ever this beautiful country is opened up by the Methodist Church and for the Methodist Church as it should be, we must have aid from outside. Either the Church Extension Society must be more liberal with this Conference, or some of our wealthy eastern churches must lend us a helping hand for a season. Even the loan of a few thousands would aid us greatly. Our Presiding Elder, Rev. C. W. Giddings, not long since told me, that with \$10,000 loaned on good security but without interest, for five years to come, ten good substantial churches could be erected the coming season, while without such assistance it was greatly to be feared not one would be built, since the failure of the crops in the southern counties had left the people crushed and spirit-broken, oppressed with the burdens of poverty and debt.

A father shows that he is of the youngest in his zeal and ideas. Listen to Rev. Samuel Norris:

It is one of the very difficult achievements of this era to establish on a permanent basis a religious periodical wholly satisfactory to the community. When, therefore, that object has been so nearly accomplished by the conductors of THE HERALD in its present improved form and character, all due credit should be awarded to its able board of managers. It is too much to expect or require, that anything of the kind will be made so perfect as to disarm all even plausible, not to say captious criticism. Its greatest excellences may be the very cause of the strongest objections. As every religious periodical should be a reformer, it is strong evidence in its favor that it meets with some fault-finding. There appears to be a large margin in every denominational community who take ultra ground in conservatism. They insist that the strong points of evangelical doctrine and morals shall not be made emphatic in the pulpit or by the press. For example: The moral character though without repentance and faith and prayer, must not be alluded to as exposed to final perdition. The terrors of the law respecting the wrath to come and endless punishment must be omitted entirely, or alluded to as doubtful dogmas. Impartial obligations and rights of the human race as such, either in the abstract or concrete, must not be enforced. Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, though conceded to be the sure and only sure preventive of all drunkenness, must not be inculcated as a principle of Christian morals, etc. The number of professing Christians in our community is not small who repudiate outright the pulpit and the press which earnestly sustains these principles, and for this cause alone. They talk well of the glorious gospel, of free salvation to be published to every creature, of loving our neighbor as ourself, and of doing whatsoever we do to the glory of God, but the moment an application of these principles are turned upon them they will explode in anger and turn away. While we admit that it is wise to please every man for his good to edification, it is not good to "love the praise of men more than the praise of God." And though numbers of true votaries are wanted to give triumphant success to the cause of evangelical truth, yet all numbers gained by compromising integrity of principle but weakens the cause. We can better afford to bear the cold shoulder of neglect, or even the curling lip of scorn from the weak-kneed and slipshod professed liberal Christians, than to dilute the "strong milk of the word" with the insipid water of self-indulgence for their accommodation.

I believe our old HERALD has taken the right stand, on this subject; is as nearly perfect as it can be, making proper allowance for human infirmities. I bid her God speed. I do not fear the "soup will be really too rich." There may be danger of substituting the energy of mental ability for the spiritual power

of divine truth. To avoid this let the hearts of the goodly corps of contributors burn with the fire of evangelical love and zeal; then they will write because they can't well help it. The truth will master the pen, and not the pen the truth, and the readers will see and feel the truth so impressively, that if the writers are scarcely seen, all the better for both.

Bro. William Allen, of Norridgewock, Me., sends a good historical item, with a not less good historical item on THE HERALD for an introduction:

I was a subscriber for THE HERALD when first established, and have received it regularly more than forty years, and never missed but one paper, and I give the publisher and post office credit for fidelity. I also commend the form and good mechanical execution of the paper, and the judicious manner in which subjects are discussed. My desire is that the labors of the editor and correspondents may be duly appreciated.

During the year past I have seen in the paper an inquiry for a copy of the correspondence (or controversy) between Rev. Jonathan Ward and Rev. Joshua Taylor, near the close of the last century. I had the perusal of it in my younger days (being now 88). On inquiry I last week obtained a heavily bound volume containing 1. Mr. Ward's Review of the Sentiments of the Wesleyan Methodists, pp. 32; 2. An Answer by Rev. Joshua Taylor, pp. 76; 3. A Vindication and Reply by Rev. Mr. Ward, pp. 129; 4. A Reply to Vindication by Rev. Mr. Taylor, pp. 96, making, with preface, &c., 328 pages in heavy binding. Now if the Biblical Institute or any antiquarian society or individual wishes to see it or have possession of it, they can have it by applying to me, or Bro. John Allen, who is well known.

The statements of Rev. Mr. Ward and the replies of Rev. Mr. Taylor excited much attention at the time of the publication, 1799 to 1801, and instead of obstructing the progress of Methodism, as was evidently the intention of Mr. Ward, who was an educated man, the replies of Mr. Taylor accelerated the progress of Methodist principles. The work may be of but little interest to the present generation; but those now living who were in active life seventy years ago it revives the recollection of our early struggles. A brief notice in THE HERALD may be of use.

We cannot better close than with this pretty poem, by Elizabeth Nichols:

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day I sit in my own loved home,
With my head on my mother's knee;
While she tells me tales of by-gone days,
When she was a girl like me.

To-morrow I'll gaze at a vacant chair,
And weeping, call her dear name;
But my voice will resound through empty air,
"Ah, she'll never come again."

To-day the child sits light on my knee,
While I play with his golden hair,
And watch the sunny smile of his lip,
And his face most wondrous fair.

To-morrow a rose so pale and white
I shall clasp in an icy hand;
Another angel of shining light
Will be walking that "better land."

There's sunshine lighting my path to-day,
And roses bloom under my feet;
To-morrow clouds will darken my way,
And thorns will my footsteps greet.

Sunshine and shadows, smiles and tears,
Fly swiftly by my life;
To-day I see nothing but beauty,
To-morrow, carnage and strife.

But God, who gives me the sunbeam,
Is also behind the cloud;
Though He smiles with me at the Bridal,
He will surely send me a shroud.

He gives me afflictions to teach me
To conquer my sin and pride;
To humble me low before Jesus,
Who for me was afflicted, and died.

So while I am heaving the sunshine,
May I be ready for showers;
For clouds often hover above us,
When brightness alone seems ours.

TEMPERANCE.

RUM AND TOBACCO.

The Chicago Tribune has an article on the amount of money paid annually by the people of the United States for spirituous liquors and tobacco, the statistics of which are startling. We make the following extracts, and call the attention of domestic as well as political economists to the record:

There is one expenditure which we never hear these declaimers refer to, or advocate a reduction of, viz., the money spent for liquors. We invite their attention to the statement of the Special Revenue Commissioner, Mr. Wells, in his report to Congress, giving the amount paid out by the people for spirituous and malt liquors during the year 1867. We do not refer to the sales by wholesale, but to those at retail, sworn to by the retailers, who have paid the license tax on their sales. We give the table by States, and the figures represent the amount paid by the drinkers and consumers to the retailers over the counter:

AMOUNT OF SALES OF RETAIL LIQUOR DEALERS.

New York	\$346,617,420	Vermont	\$4,786,665
Pennsylvania	182,093,493	Kansas	8,805,236
Illinois	119,933,945	Louisiana	48,021,730
Ohio	101,734,778	Tennessee	26,241,635
Massachusetts	37,971,475	Georgia	25,328,465
Maryland	40,561,620	Virginia	24,182,983
Missouri	44,827,878	Alabama	21,028,381
Indiana	41,418,880	Texas	20,751,593
California	25,224,000	South Carolina	10,610,625
Kentucky	40,227,115	West Virginia	8,806,235
Wisconsin	43,838,543	New York	7,826,320
Michigan	22,794,170	Delaware	3,770,358
Iowa	35,421,066	Mississippi	4,403,305
Connecticut	33,101,231	Oregon	4,261,240
New Jersey	42,468,740	Nevada	4,826,725
Maine	8,207,015	Nebraska	4,296,242
Rhode Island	20,251,240	Colorado	3,745,215
N. Hampshire	13,629,173	Territories	14,109,400
Minnesota	14,384,970		
Dist. Columbia	10,576,450		
Total			\$1,433,491,465

Thus it will be seen that, during the year 1867, the people of the United States paid for strong drinks, over the counter to retail dealers, the sum of fourteen hundred and eighty-three millions four hundred and ninety-one thousand and eight hundred and sixty-five dollars. That sum is more than equal to one half the principal and the annual interest of the public debt. That sum, if applied to the payment of the debt, would redeem it all in gold, in two years. The amount of money paid by actual consumers for this strong drink, in three years, would equal the entire debt of the Union, and of all the States and of all the cities, counties and towns of the United States. The people of the single State of Illinois pay for liquor a sum almost equal to the annual interest of the national debt!

Included in receipts of sales from liquor dealers are such

sums as may have been received for cigars at their bars, which do not exceed the value of the liquors imported or purchased wholesale by consumers, and the sum of sales by establishments which make no returns, or fraudulent ones. But the cigars and tobacco sold at the bars of saloons are but a part of the same reckless extravagance which wastes upon the useless luxury of strong drink nearly fifteen hundred millions of dollars a year.

During the last year of the war, when the United States had one million of men on its pay rolls, when it was paying two prices in a depreciated currency for food and clothing, and for labor, and for materials of war, the total expenditures of the government, including the hundreds of thousands of dollars actually stolen, and as much wasted, did not equal the amount of money paid last year to saloon-keepers and other retail liquor dealers by their customers.

A people who spend \$1,500,000,000 annually to retail dealers for liquors and tobacco; who spend perhaps \$50,000,000 more for liquor imported or purchased wholesale by consumers; who spend \$100,000,000 annually for cigars and tobacco in other forms, can hardly be said to be badly "oppressed" by a debt, the interest on which is only one sixteenth of the amount of these reckless expenditures for the luxuries of liquor and tobacco. A man cannot be said to be severely crushed by the weight of his debts who spends in the course of a year for liquor and tobacco a sum equal to two thirds of his share of the national indebtedness.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.
Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address the Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

The Crops for 1868. We have been requested to furnish some statistics concerning the crops for 1868, but we find it rather difficult to procure accurate information so early in the season. "The total product of corn for the year 1867 was 768,320,000 bushels; wheat, 217,470,200 bushels; of rye, 23,490,000; of oats, 275,008,000; of barley, 25,727,000; of buckwheat, 21,350,000; of potatoes, 67,783,000; of tobacco, 323,724 pounds; of hay, 26,377,000 tons; of cotton, 2,300,000 bales; of wool, 112,000,000 pounds." The estimate made by the commissioner for 1868 is "of corn, 850,000,000 bushels; of wheat, 2,220,000 bushels; of cotton, 2,250,000 bales; and a larger amount of other crops than last year." "The average yield per acre of the whole country is scarcely equal to that of 1867, but the increased area sown will secure an aggregate somewhat larger than the product of that year."

Wheat. The full promise of the early summer has not been realized in the wheat harvest. The increase of area over that of last year, in its effect upon the aggregate production, is nearly neutralized by a small diminution in some of the principal wheat-growing States, in the yield per acre; so that the increase in the total quantity, as shown by our October returns, is scarcely more than three per cent, and that is obtained mainly from the Pacific coast.

The progress of wheat culture westward is somewhat remarkable, and its history is not altogether unlike that of cotton, in its occupancy of new lands, and their desertion after a few years' use, not indeed to grow up in sedge or forest, but to be laid down in grass or employed in a more varied range of production. Not only does it go with population westward, but its movement is in an accelerating ratio, yielding results in bushels to each inhabitant surprising to eastern farmers. Thus has the territory between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean, which in 1850 yielded about 25,000,000 of bushels, harvested about 65,000,000; while the country east of the Mississippi, with its accession of population and wide distribution of agricultural implements, has made no increase, as a whole, a few of the western States barely making up the deficiency suffered in Virginia and Kentucky. It is a remarkable fact that a region which nine years ago produced only one seventh of the wheat in the country, now supplies nearly one third of it. A similar progress in another decade will carry the centre of wheat production beyond the Mississippi, and were it possible for the Pacific coast again to quadruple its yield, that distant wheat field will give a larger product than the aggregate production of the United States in 1850. Will may the East imagine the supply of breadstuffs decreasing, and naturally enough the West may deem their harvests golden; but when twenty years more shall pass and the virgin soils of California shall be despoiled of their fitness, and their yield shall be reduced to ten or twelve bushels per acre, where will the spoiler go for new wheat fields to ruin?

The corn crop seems to promise larger than that of last year, though the wet weather and the early frosts have done some damage. The total product will be, therefore, not what was hoped in the early season, or what is needed for a country with a rapidly increasing population, but a somewhat larger quantity than last year, which was a season peculiarly adverse to corn production. A good crop should exceed one thousand millions of bushels. Last year's production was little more than three-fourths of that quantity, and the present, though not yet fully harvested, and the material for a final estimate returned, does not promise to reach that figure by 10 or 15 per cent.

Cotton. The area in cotton is somewhat less than last year; its culture has been better; the preparation for planting more complete; and labor more regular and reliable as a general rule. Early in the season the promise was fine; serious losses have of late been incurred, however, principally from depredations of the cotton caterpillar, or army worm, which have proved more general and severe in Georgia than elsewhere, very troublesome in portions of Alabama and Mississippi, and somewhat prevalent in the Carolinas and in Arkansas. Heavy rains in Tennessee and the southwest have caused anxiety, but done less damage than was expected. Our returns indicate a smaller crop, possibly by 15 or 20 per cent, than last year; but the complete estimate will not be made till the crop is gathered.

Peas and Beans will be nearly an average crop. Buckwheat very generally deficient; Connecticut, New Jersey, Minnesota, California, and some of the southern States, furnish favorable exceptions.

Sorghum has been more successful than last year. Illinois and Wisconsin are not quite up to last year's production. Both backwheat and sorghum were injured by early frosts in high latitudes.

Potatoes. In southern New England, New Jersey, Delaware, the Gulf States and California, potatoes are reported a full average crop, with a deficiency of 10 per cent. in New York and Pennsylvania, from 3 to 7 per cent. in the southern Atlantic States and Tennessee, 20 in Illinois, 10 in Iowa, 11 in Indiana, 16 in Ohio, 16 in Michigan, and a greater or less reduction in other western States.

Sugar-cane. Returns from Louisiana indicate an increase of 42 per cent. over last year.

Old Wheat. The amount of old wheat on hand is somewhat less than usual throughout the country with the exception of the cotton States, which have a higher average than last year.

This remark will not apply to Texas, where the granaries are uniformly empty. The quantity left over in Wisconsin is relatively somewhat lower than in the neighboring States.

The past season has been a very remarkable one; some extreme hot days, but much cool and wet weather. On the whole, the harvests have been quite satisfactory. The fruit crop throughout the country has been quite below the average, but we can better spare this crop than we can the corn and wheat. When we meet in our churches and around the festive board on the approaching Annual Festival, may we be mindful of the blessings that have been so freely bestowed by an All-wise heavenly Father.

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

LOUISA E. INGALLS, youngest daughter of Otis and Mary Ingalls, died in Swampscott, Mass., Sept. 20, aged 22 years.

She experienced religion and joined the Church at 17 years of age. It pleased the Lord to immediately subject her faith to the discipline of unusual affliction. While in the discharge of a loving service to an only sister who had long been confined by a painful disease in a darkened room, Louisa herself was stricken down. The sisters had been helpers of each other's faith when permitted to be together; now both were shut out from the light of day, they conversed for several months together from their respective rooms. One evening Louisa's "good night" was accompanied by these pensive words, "Sister, I'm lonely." In the morning she greeted her with the exclamation, "Frances, I'm not lonely now, Jesus is here, and is so precious." Again, after being informed of her feeble condition by her physician, and that the probabilities of her recovery were all against her, she said at night, "my earnest prayer is, 'Lord, if it be possible let this cup pass from me,' but after spending nearly the whole night in prayer, she said in the morning, 'Now Frances, I can say, 'Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.' But these exchanges of greetings were soon denied them. Louisa's speech failing her, she could only communicate by signs for the last few months; she frequently expressed to me by the pressure of the hand that Jesus was precious. Her sufferings were indescribably acute, but her faith failed not. I read to her on one occasion the beautiful lines, 'Tired,' by Avaneila L. Holmes, to which she listened with deep emotion. The last stanza well expressed her final triumph of faith:

"Father, I'm tired!

Yet this I know, that sometime I shall fold my hands
From their life-work; my soul shall burst its prison bands,
My feet shall stand by Jordan. I shall catch a gleam
Of the pure, sinless clime that lies beyond the stream.
I shall go hand in hand with Jesus through the tide,
And in the home prepared upon 'the other side,'
Never grow tired."

Swampscott, Mass., Oct. 27.

T. J. ARGOTT.

WILLIAM KATZMAN, of East Boston, departed this life, Oct. 10, aged 23 years, 3 months.

He sought and found Jesus precious to his soul in his youthful days, since which time he has been a consistent and useful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place. When he came down to the close of life, he found this same Jesus to be his friend, his hope, his indescribable joy. He would often speak of dying with that confiding spirit which made him perfectly reconciled to the will of God. A few hours prior to his death he spoke of seeing angels around his bed, who had come to escort him home.

East Boston, Oct. 29.

J. ANSON BUSHKE.

WILLIAM FIGGIES died in Gloucester (Riverdale), Sept. 7, aged 78 years.

For a half century Father Figgies followed the sea. For thirty years he has sailed heavenward. Triumphant he has anchored in the haven of peace, closing a most eventful life. He died at his home, surrounded with many friends, beloved by all. Through all his perils, by land and sea, a wonderful Providence surrounded him. He united with the Riverdale Church in its infancy, and followed the Captain of his salvation closely these many years. His life was blameless, his memory blessed. When near the port he said, "I should be glad to live, but should like better to die. The will of God be done. I am prepared." Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Riverdale, Sept. 10.

A. J. HALL.

MRS. DEBORAH G. EDDY, wife of Titus Eddy, was born April 18, 1812, in Pelham, Mass., and converted to Christ in the same town, about the year 1838; died in Monson, Mass., Oct. 28th.

Sister Eddy for a generation has been marked for her uniform exemplary walk with God, for her quiet, unobtrusive but fervent piety; her active, unflinching trust and devotion to the cause of Christ. Her last sickness was long and painful, but grace sustained her, and faith lured her to worlds above. The church below loses another "nursing mother;" the church above gains another trophy of redeeming grace.

R. H. H.

BRO. HORACE W. RAWSON on the 12th of March laid down the cross which he so faithfully bore through life, and went to receive the crown.

Though of a quiet, unobtrusive disposition, Bro. Rawson was ever ready to give an answer to any who asked him a reason of the hope that was in him. Conscientious in the performance of his duties to God, as well as to his neighbor, he lived as one constantly preparing for a residence in the better country. On Thursday, March 5th, being indisposed after having performed his duties of the morning, he remarked to his family, "I have that from which I shall not recover." "Having done all, to stand," was what now remained for him, and so nearly together did life and labor close, that his condition, as he retired to his couch to suffer and to die, was best expressed by his own words, "Standing on the brink."

MRS. JEMIMA HINCKLEY, wife of Bro. Robert Hinckley, died in Wareham, Mass., Oct. 10, aged 69 years.

She embraced religion by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ in her 21st year. She was a consistent Christian, exhibiting her religion in its liveliest forms. The quiet and gentle graces which the gospel inculcates, were in harmony with her Christian education. She loved the church of her early choice, and gave a faithful and long testimony in favor of the power of God's grace to save. Though her health had been gradually failing as she advanced in years, yet the summons came at last unexpectedly. In the morning of the day of her departure she did not know that so few steps remained between her and the grave. But she knew in whom she had believed.

F. UPHAM.

MIRNIE L. GARDNER, daughter of Levi and Nancy F. Gardner, died in Sumner, Me., July 11, aged 25 years, 10 months.

She was converted in May, 1848, and baptized by Rev. Wm. Foster. Though anxious to live, she was willing to die, and always proposed prayer when we called upon her; and the last week of her stay on earth we carried her emaciated form into the room where stood her melodeon, and she listened to the songs of Zion with intense delight. When told she was dying, a heavenly smile lighted up her countenance, and an exclamation of joy burst from her lips.

C. A. PARKER.

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

